

CINEMA

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Papers

The Australian magazine of film and television



Special International Issue

The Fringe Dwellers — Australia's *Color Purple*?

Woody Allen — An exclusive interview

Reinhard Hauff on *Stammheim*

July 1986

Issue 58

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Bread, butter . . . and jam

A good few years ago, I used to live in a basement flat. Like many basement flats, its plumbing was, at best, provisional. Periodically, an evil looking trap would roar ominously, disgoring effluent into the back yard.

This used to bother everyone except the plumber, a taciturn individual, who blocked all further conversation with the memorable comment: "It may be shit to you, mate, but to me it's my bread and butter!"

One could say much the same about Cannes, which is now over for another year: for all its excesses, it is a bread-and-butter operation for the Australian film industry.

But, in all that is written about Cannes (in *Cinema Papers* as much as elsewhere), there is an aspect that tends to get overlooked. Cannes is not just the stage on which the latest Australian movies are exhibited to the world: it is also a chance for Australian filmmakers to look at what the world is doing, and for Australian distributors to bring bits of it back home.

From the perspective of Oz, it is sometimes easy to forget that the world is not just Warner Brothers. Or that buying films doesn't have to be an expensive version of plumbing. Hundreds of films — and dozens of very good ones — are made elsewhere than in Hollywood. They're made in foreign languages, of course, which means they have to be subtitled. And that means that not everyone — or, to put it another way, hardly anyone — will go and see them.

But, even if Australia is not, as Mr Keating's memorably alarmist phrase, about to turn into a banana republic, Australian audiences have a lot to learn from the kind of films they make in France and Germany, Spain and India, Japan and Brazil.

Getting to see them, however, other than on the admirable SBS, is another matter, even without the obscene interventions of those who, as now with Godard's *Hail Mary*, want to stop others seeing films they can't even be bothered to see themselves.

It is easy to blame distributors for playing it safe, though safe is not really the word. It is also unfair: producers of foreign films are as greedy as anyone else in this business, and they like to sell their films for more than most Australian distributors can hope to recoup.

It is easy, too, to blame the media. If an 'art film' gets mentioned on TV, it is worth opening a bottle of wine to celebrate. If it gets more than a passing mention in the daily press, that is likely to be because Stallone somehow failed to deliver that week. Worse still, one bad — openly hostile or merely dismissive — review can kill the film's chances for ever.

It is easiest of all to blame the punter, traditionally unwilling to shell out seven bucks for something that doesn't have two major stars and an explosion every five minutes.

But, without endorsing the views of Mr Georgatos (see the Letters page), who seems to be inventing a new version of the cultural cringe, Australian filmmakers and Australian audiences need the jam of non-mainstream films, from Europe and America, to supplement the bread and butter of Hollywood. It is the basis for a healthier industry and a healthier film culture.

That's why, to coincide with the Sydney and Melbourne film festivals, which are often the only places the jam gets spread, nearly 50% of this issue of *Cinema Papers* is about non-Australian films — about Woody Allen, who goes his own way to an extent that few Australian directors are able to do; about Orson Welles, who always went his own way, and about Reinhard Hauff, whose career has been a lesson in how not to compromise.

Compromise, of course, is always going to be a part of any film industry. What counts is the information on which the compromise is made. And, for Australia, a southern hemisphere Hollywood is not the only option.

Nick Roddick



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Don't hold it all in!
Write and tell us when we get it right — and when we get it wrong.

From **Annelle Marshall**, Isleworth NSW

I was delighted that your review of *Europe* in the March issue (*Cinema Papers* 58) did the film some justice, but you perhaps ought to know of its presentation at the *Vidéalité* (before over the summer).

The film was at first shown at a 7.30 session followed by *Where the Buffalo Roam* at 9.45. Tickets rose to 125 p.m. (so you will immediately perceive this involved session). The sessions were made by the incident, who failed at length a version with full the captions, some got out. I know that it is the same that mysteriously shocked for some sitting. But the more you see the film, the more you see the cause, more comprehension as to heart.

I rang up the *Vidéalité* and completed. But was told this was the point they had obtained from London. Three weeks later I took myself off to see a again at a time when it was being followed by a film starting at 10.00. Miraculously, the review had been back in. I was delighted to see it, but extremely proud off with the *Vidéalité* for their cavalier attitude.

I wouldn't like to say that I was the first to see it or suggest it was one of the big films. But the *Vidéalité* pretends to be above all that.

From **Betty Gargalas**, Hornsby NSW

I am sick to death of filmmakers and jingles who're the industry blaming 1984 for the quality of the films churned out.

The quality is not determined by 1984, but by the knowledge and creativity of the director, actor, and crew members. Apart from Peter Weir, Bruce Beresford, and a dozen George Miller films, who can comprehend the language of film, the majority of the industry cannot.

The only answer to progress is for the industry to invite, educate, train, assist and benefit from overseas. Then the industry might learn the art of cinema. Learning and a craft is a greater offering than 1984.

I hope you have the courage to publish this letter. In fact you do.

From **Missy Sells**, Bath, Pines Limited, London, England

We enjoyed reading your May 1985 issue (*Cinema Papers* 57), quite a lot of which was devoted to Australian films at the *Cinema* festival.

To the best of our knowledge you never made any inquiries with us one of the most active international sales agents for Australian films. We must therefore assume I feel the complete absence of any reference to our involvement in a number of films mentioned in your issue was due to inadequate information passed on to you by the AFC and individual producers.

On page 40 you carry an interview with intelligent Park about *For Love Alone*, but there is no mention of the fact that we handled My Address, Center and are now the agent for *For Love Alone* in both cases for the world including Australia and USA/Canada.

On page 45 headed: *Denise* doesn't you give no information about interest on pages 45 and 46, noting that details in respect of *For Love Alone*, *Attitude* (Mason) and *Spice* (Cheney) you omitted our names as exclusive sales agents.

It is true that individual producers do not mention *Safe Arms* to us, but this may have done so that given the completely false picture of the problem. Who will be happy seeing the film at Cannes? Our interview with intelligent Park was both brief and concerned with an obvious rather than revealing. Mr. Park cannot be expected to cover every aspect of the situation. Our employees all the same to *Safe Arms* who has obtained from a sales agent for Australian films for a considerable period of time. (2)

From **Phil Mallen**, Administrator, London Internet and Film School, 24 Shaftesbury Street, London WC2H 8AP

I am writing to hope that through your letter column I may be able to correct our students of the London International Film School and its predecessor schools the London School of Film Technology and the London Film School, who are members of *Cinema Papers*.

In September 1985 the School will be inaugurating a complete academic year in California and fundraising to mark 30 years of its existence.

At time of writing the letter, our plans for the entire year, but we hope to organize a good international session for all students and former members of staff. For this to be possible, I will be happy to contact as many schools as possible as soon as possible. I hope that all graduates of the LFT, LFS and LFS who read this letter will contact me at the School so that we can organize not only the year on, but also the many other events we have in mind for our 30th anniversary year.



From **Miss Honey**, Marble Park, SA

I beg you to print a picture of the beautiful Linda Robinson, of *Chloe* (the *Quintessence* film) in your next issue.

From **Robert Robinson**, Rungwa, Gunnedah, NSW

We were disappointed by the inclusion of *Miss Honey* in the Television section in the *Production Survey* in your May issue (*Cinema Papers* 57). Even though *Miss Honey* is being shot on video it is still a feature, not a weekly soap or television serial or *Parade* or *Police News*.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Competition results

What is happening to you? We were all set to give away five copies of Robert Hilburn's *Bruce Springsteen Born in the U.S.A.* but only two of you got the winners! (1)

The American director, currently producing a movie inspired by Springsteen's rising fame in the USA, is Paul Schrader and the film is called *Light of Day*. It is due to be called *Against the Fire* to the *Light of Day*.

The theme making a film with a role taken from a Buddy Holly song is Frances Ford Coppola and the film is *Prey for the Man*. And the Australian rock star who has now finished shooting his first feature film in Melbourne is Michael Hutchence of 100%, and the film is *Days in Spain*.

The two winners were: **Julienne La Rose**, 15 Tucker Street, Pinner, Vic 3009; **Jack Taylor**, 5921 New 3687, Sydney, NSW 2001.

Which leaves us with three books left to give away. So here is a second round of three posed questions about rock, a top cinema (1) Who played Buddy Holly in the *Buddy Holly Story* (1978) and who directed the film? (2) What 1964 American film featured Paul Simon, Luke Richard and The Patterns, and who was the star? (3) Which 1980 British film featured Joe Strummer and The Clash?

Send us your answers quickly this time. A 4th prize will be given. Meanwhile, on page 90 you can win a copy of *The Great Purple* and double points for the film.

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On the right track: Christine Olsen Award winner High Heels

increased employment on various commercial film and television productions. Most is male, one of the films has been singled out for a Golden Globe Award nomination and will appear at the Sydney Film Festival.

The film *High Heels* directed by Sue Peabody is a witty and thought-provoking look at the patriarchal capitalist system in women's shoes. Although the linking of men's footwear to women sporting the kind of footwear with the Chinese system of foot binding may seem obvious to students of feminist theory, it is good to see such ideas expressed on the screen. Only occasionally does *High Heels* as a movie make a splash, only one of the features of independent filmmaking, with its three-story structure by Jan Cornill speaking in favour of a screen as much to see as what the players without being distracted by a sexual object by the penis or instead as such by men.

Christine Olsen

Rising stars

Graduate screenings at the Film and Television School



Jane Campion's success at the 1988 Cannes Film Festival with the short *Proof* has secured her place as one of the main stars of the Australian Film and Television School. But what about the rising stars?

At the opening of the graduate screenings in May director Anne Devine said that the exhibition was designed to showcase students' work to be reviewed. She also commented on the recently completed report on structure and curriculum at APTS and the expansion of the Open Programme at other capital cities. But what the administration is asking stock graduates are looking elsewhere.

Eventually participants' family

ties and the single girl *Delicious Flavour* in Anne Devine's *Shooting Hill*.

police and residents were some of the characters. Thomas Michael Murphy's *Family Road* is seen on a seemingly perfect suburban family pursuing an ill-fated, serious, and unshared. However to be played out too easily.

More experimental was Leslie Olsen's *Screen Door Opener* a dark melodrama which looked at personal game playing by metaphorically using the spectacle of a tennis match with the theme of its open *Jeux* Away by Chris Roach's play a few laughs but even as a

Smart moves for MIMA

A new outlet for experimental film and video

Smart packaging and a little publicity has done wonders for a group of experimental film and video artists in Melbourne. Under the film the video image MIMA Association (MIMA) they have already presented their first season of films at the Glasshouse Theatre.

The May exhibition included works by the Centre Lynsey Elliott, Mike Hoy, Marcus Berger, Chris de la Cruz, Maggie Kozak, Chris Kozak, Bill Macleod, David Chisworth, Robert Randall, Frank Berdahl and Peter Lyndon.

Royal Sundel's *Fun Movie*, Peter Tarrant's *Interference* and *All That Jazz* and Philip Morris's *Abstractions* were some of the films from the series that provided a stimulating video package. Thanks go to the most recent film.

According to MIMA's full-time scheduler John Smith, forming an organization for film and video artists is a direct way of developing a rapid distribution system

that cuts out anything that doesn't conform to the standard length.

It also guarantees things like artists' fees — looking after those moral rights that are exploited when it comes to art — says Smith.

MIMA will be collecting and cataloguing film and video work making it a valuable archival and resource base.

With looking at films about 100 times registered by the end of 1988. We've had films on the format of the work, which artists and papers are held, which it has been reviewed, and a contact number for the artist, says Smith.

As well as the regular MIMA will release three yearbooks in August with selections from the monthly screenings.

MIMA is funded by the APC (where the idea originated) and Film Victoria. It also will also be sponsoring the Melbourne Ministry for the Arts and the Visual Arts Board to get further funding for a tour of works at regional galleries. "We think it is also a visual arts work. These decisions create patterns to film and video art, but why should it only be reviewed in cinema?"

The next MIMA programme is titled *Interference* — the place and will be held at the Glasshouse Theatre in Melbourne on 17, 18 and 19 July. John Smith can be contacted on 393 853 1989.

empty long-necked account of a man who runs a hamburger store. Smith's plot becomes more and more improbable.

The most successful of the private screenings was Anne Devine's *Shooting Hill*. It was a dark and witty. It began with a woman's first abortion in the physical between love and sex. The film's intensely funny sequence turns the background to the more serious men's narrative which is about a woman's one night stand. Visually the film is stunning and through minimalist direction and camerawork makes sharp observations about society, love and desire.

Under direction by Peter Hill and

NSS Parsons. The Portrait of Mary's Father examined ideas about contraception, love and control the terms by focusing on a laboratory and psychology and his relationship with the individual. The letter by analyzing a family where sexual relationships are universal and transcending both were also highly successful.

Stephen Lord's *20 Year* Newman was indicative of a problem that characterized many of the films he does: a fascinating idea — a girl lost in a fictional world — yet the audience film stops there. With Smith's as well nearly of the time there is no lack of ideas, what is lacking is development — and that isn't true.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

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Fringe benefits



Representing Australia at Cannes, opening the Sydney Film Festival and (hopefully) coming to a cinema near you before too long, *The Fringe Dwellers* is already stirring up controversy. Kathy Bail finds out why.



Looking for another director: Kristina Nelson in *The Fringe Dwellers*

For the indefatigable Susan Spurling, *The Color Purple* is a story not just about race or colour, but about humanity. "I never felt that I was ill-equipped to handle the specificity of the story as being what people might assume is an all-black experience."

It's an all-human experience — what if you human," he says. It is a task that Bruce Swelford, director of *The Fringe Dwellers*, has also taken. Having assembled a mainly black cast, he maintains that *The Fringe Dwellers* is essentially a story about "a family — their relationships, struggles, aspirations." Questions of colour, Aboriginality and racism form, if you like, the sub-text of the film.

The Fringe Dwellers is, however, being unceremoniously pushed into the same arena of

debate as its purple-coloured American counterpart, and it looks like Swelford may well end up with some of the same problems.

Spurling's glossy and extravagant rendition of Alex Walker's more subtle and radical novel has touched the heart strings of middle America. *The Fringe Dwellers*, based on Ngugi's less sophisticated 1981 novel, is destined to reach the same sentimentalised and to be neatly and professionally packaged in the Hollywood production. However, in a country that is only just beginning to take a black perspective, the Australian film needs very, very carefully.

In comparison to the 1986 Cannes Film Festival, *The Fringe Dwellers* received a

far cruder reception. It was, above all, the performance of the lead actors, Kristina Nelson, Ruston Saunders and Bob Mann, that were commended highly in the three-page blurb on the film night, but a walkout by three Australian Aboriginals was a prominent manifestation of the views of some of those who are passionate about questioning the representation of blacks in the film, and decrying its lack of analysis of Aboriginal history, culture and problems.

Playwright and novelist Bob Merritt feels that *The Fringe Dwellers* is "an advertisement for the world to see exactly how Aboriginal people are!" After a screening of the film, he exclaimed: "It's a disgrace of a non-Aboriginal's imagination. It's in keeping with the old ways. What has

Fringe benefits

changed since *The Ghost of Jimmie Blacksmith*?" Offended by the misrepresentation on the film, Bobbi McAlpine, an administrator at Ecom, an Aboriginal visual arts and performing centre in Wollara (where Morris also works), claimed that it had no Aboriginal rights back 100 years.

Speaking from an already different position, Aboriginal poet Kath Walker, who plays the wife, spiritual leader, first, in *The Fringe Dwellers*, explained that what Beresford was driving was "the lack of communication between two sides... He gives a very celebration and accurate picture. I think Aboriginal people will identify all of the characters, but there is also a message there for all people."

Ascertaining whether any film represents life "as it really is" is a problematic endeavour — the search for an authentic voice is an illusory one. What we do have, though, is a film more concerned to pull the heart strings and inform than foreground both overt political issues and questions of representation — a film which attempts to tell a story about a family who can't get going in the Aboriginal world, and what just happens to be going.

Set in contemporary Australia, *The Fringe Dwellers* takes the life of the Connors family. Led by Kristina Niekirk, the proud and confident daughter, a storm is brewing the polar opposition of the fringe camps in which her family lives. She and her sister, Nicolaas (Kylie Bellings), come their parents into coming to a Commission about in town. Prejudiced by the whites, they miss the freedom and support of their own community, cannot pay the rent and eventually face eviction.

"The film is made more for entertainment than to show any political argument. I don't think it's a political film"

Kristina Niekirk

Trilly believes that good lies in another life — in education, a job in the city — and refuses to let her family's acceptance of their position prevent her from looking away from the Aboriginal way of life. But her dreams of the sort of independence are shattered when she becomes pregnant. She decides to leave the tribe. Then, in a melodramatic scene in the hospital, the baby is killed in an "accident". Moving Trilly from what she learned as life in "a fringe on the river" . . . [as] a mother with angry, scared little kids.

Following the novel, the film's narrative centres on Trilly, though in the book she was a more forceful and violent character. Beresford does not include a scene where she is put in jail and seen the cell next to "the wild animal". At a ranch, Kristina Niekirk's portrayal of Trilly often lacks the spirit and anger that events demand.

For some, single aspects — it is a source of strength as a woman, but, for Kristina Niekirk, the role of Trilly was not imbued with any intense symbolic passion. "It's just a story about a young girl, about how she gets about achieving her dream," she says. "The film is made more for entertainment than to show any political argument. I don't think it's a political film."

This is Niekirk's first acting experience, and she reveals an unusual fascination and

loyalty about the way the whole film came together. Performing with the Aboriginal and Islander Theatre Theatre, she was discovered only weeks before principal photography began. She admits she early goes to the cinema, so the industry was actually a good mystery. She tells a charming story about one day's shooting, when Beresford asked her to look at "the museum". Niekirk started looking for Niekirk, utterly confused. DOP Don McAlpine.

Now that the shoot is over, however, she has very definite views about what *The Fringe Dwellers* signifies in terms of the Australian film industry: the fact that the film was even produced is enough of a statement. "This film is a breakthrough," she says. "It shows a group of black actors performing really well, doing something that hasn't ever been seen before. I think it's a good working type. It indicates how professional Aboriginal people can be. And it'll wake people up."

Perhaps, in industry terms, the film will be a landmark. Beresford had wanted to make it before Director Morris, but faced huge barriers when it came to getting financial backing. Instead, investors did not regard a black theme as commercial. Eventually it was Virgin Films, the cinema arm of London's Virgin Records, that agreed to a pre sale, allowing it to be financed under 1988.

Janeen Saunders, who plays the mother, Mollie Connors, is also adamant about the film's importance to a nation. She has had numerous experience in the industry, appearing in *Princess of the Sea*, *Black*, *The Ghost of Jimmie Blacksmith*, and, in theatre, Bob Morris's *The Only Man* and Thomas Kennedy's *Shuffle's House*. Her daughter Trilly is what can be done in Australia, particularly, comes through cinema only. She boldly asserts "I'm fighting for black content and women's content."

The Fringe Dwellers will be a talking point, but it also proves to the industry that we can do it."

Known affectionately as "the little black duck" by her sister on the Producer set, she is willing to talk about the black issue. "After all, I am carrying a banner," but is, in the long run, more interested in questions "about us, Jimmie, the actor". She drops a line, she sure, a single more line.

Her feelings are contemporary of the words of Whangie Goldsmith, lead actress of *The Color Purple*, who seems to be coping the same kind of [the Goldsmith has said she is making a film, not necessarily for black

The movement, people-coloured counterpart *Aboriginal Style* (left) and *Debbie Jackson* in *The Color Purple*.

"I'm fighting for black content and women's content . . . The Fringe Dwellers will be a talking point, but it also proves to the industry that we can do it"

Janeen Saunders

actors, but for "outstanding people . . . I mean I'm taking a trail for the act of acting."

To Janeen Saunders, it seems particularly appropriate to talk about the acting experience. For the part of Mollie, she had to act desperately, adding layers of padding, layers of make up, and a stroke of grey hair performance, on this level, is quite extraordinary — Denise Hollman watch out! However, Saunders, who was in Cannes for the premiere screening, prefers another comparison. "Cannes, it was like a dream. It's like I was *Splendor* Jackson!"

It is this focus on challenging domestic attitudes — the emphasis on "professionalism" — that infuriates actresses like Bob Morris, who believe in a positive black film practice that subverts the focus of the dominant culture. Morris's passion is about the relationship of Aboriginal culture to the indigenous WASP establishment. *The Fringe Dwellers*, he says, presents a dangerous argument for apartheid. "Keep the black quarter of a man out of town. Leave them there. Leave them to their own devices." It's saying that they don't belong anywhere; they're the people that men's forgotten."

Denying any of the film's claims to accuracy, he goes on to say that, "if *The Fringe Dwellers* depicts a particular community, I'd like to know where it is. I didn't have a good because there was no underlying truth. It was framed to deliberately weed out the hopes of Aboriginal kids wanting to come to terms with their own identity."

"It is about a middle, rural, black family who don't want to escape, to go anywhere. I'd admit all black people aren't really together, there are families who live without any hope. But I thought that was best articulated when people are dreaming to hope when there seems to be none at all."

"There are no heroes in the film. I don't know who the young boy, Harris (Denise Walker), wanted to be like. I don't know what Trilly was so about. All people need heroes and heroes — look at any colour."

Admittedly, Kath Walker believes that it is not for the film to bring forth any of



hope? "We have no hope! Unless, of course, there is a dramatic change in the political system. We are not on the fringe of society. With the film, we weren't there to bring hope, but to show that this is as it is. It is not an indictment against white politicians that very few Aboriginal people have shared the fringe-dwelling situation."

Then, from the point of view of the actors in *The Fringe Dwellers*, there has been a dramatic shift from the sociological characters of such Australian films like *Jocko* (1975), and even *The Chain of Justice* (Blacksmith (1974) and *Storm Bay* (1976).

Bob Merritt disagrees, arguing that *Neverland* has taken a sensationalist approach to the representation of Aboriginals. Dividing the film's often Marxist terminology, he states: "Aboriginals don't depict their culture in that manner. We come from an oral history, rather than a written one. Sure, we use things as terms of images. It's like the black tracker, he doesn't read the tracks, he reads the image." And it is in the way the images in *The Fringe Dwellers* will be read that most worries both Merritt and Mulholland.

Trilly observes a fight at the pub, but we don't know why it was started; the violence seems almost obligatory. Mulholland tells Trilly about the last language: "Only language, silly words, forgotten than all now." But it is all true? In there no ceremony and pride in the past? The baby's supply is changed as the dance table as if there were no



Kristina Nelson hesitates to add any more interpretive input to this scene: "Trilly is just a shock. I don't think the hospital has dropped the baby, I don't know." She says: "I was really sick when I did it. I kept on saying, 'what am I going to do?' And I kept on saying it should be like something made you just maybe for a second, so I just shut up. Trilly knows from her's words that, it's a matter of survival, the child should be killed. I suppose Trilly just saw it as necessary." Justice Saunders agrees that you can't read too much into the scene: "It's the woman's choice," she says.

But it is the way these aspects of Aboriginal culture are dealt with (aside from the last) that relates to many other myths, that makes the film susceptible to being misread. "What should have been explained here," says Merritt, "is the Aboriginal philosophy that it's not necessarily the one who plants the seeds who's the real parent, it is the one who loves. The thing that really made me feel ashamed watching *The Fringe Dwellers* was the loss of a baby and the last film, from a black point of view, there was no grieving."

The script for *The Fringe Dwellers* was written by Neverland, though as Kath Walker points out, the Aboriginals are "bashed down up." For example, they converted some of the terms of address, they learned a scene where Bartle chooses to reject a job then goes in to the classroom, and, towards the end of the film, they left it was important for Trilly to gain her mother's support before the left for the cliff. It was wrong that she just disappeared.

For the actors, many of the changes were obvious, if only because they identified so strongly with their characters. Like Trilly, Kristina Nelson had a rough time at school, and, growing up in a predominantly white family in the western suburbs of Sydney after her mother married, she felt the burden of cultural schizophrenia. "I could identify with Trilly's frustration," says Nelson. "She wants everybody to be treated equally even though there's a colour barrier there, she doesn't get that much emphasis on it. But everybody else around her seems to be trying to prove that, if you're strong and forthright, you don't have to end up a baby in a jar all your life. So she just knows there's a can't see any other way out of it. I wouldn't say she's exactly a feminist or anything like that — she sees herself as a strong woman."

For Merritt, unlike the critics at Cannes, the performances are a disappointment: "Aboriginal people are great interpreters across. Our race problems that the cor-

At the pub, the Commence in *The Fringe Dwellers*

porary was a vehicle that carried the culture. We photographed everything, everyone was a storyteller, everyone could dance, everyone could sing — but this isn't evident in *The Fringe Dwellers*," he says. "It's like the people are walking around without — except when you see a fight. Aboriginal people get excited over a pregnancy, they get excited over the ritual things in life. But the characters in this film were like still people — they were incapable of dancing."

The Colour People got to a new mythical time of identity and expression earlier this century, and people have fallen in love with the mythic character of Cole and her companion, Ming, just as Justice Saunders did when he first read Ned Gam's novel. But, unlike *Neverland*, *Neverland* has chosen a contemporary setting — where the regression on land rights is one matter of a politically sensitive dispute — and a land where it is a little more difficult to get away with very little.

By not speaking directly to the issue of black representation — that is, by believing that *The Fringe Dwellers* is barely concerned with an Australian family — the film leaves the specificity that would indicate and complexity to any cultural product. It does not present a living, dynamic culture open to the future, but one currently unchanging and inert. While Aboriginals may realize the right to land, but there will still be little to make them consider their own presence.

On the other hand, it must also be remembered that, for *Neverland*, producer Sue Muller, and making agent Alison Merritt, surely getting the film off the ground required enormous determination and resolve. And they have succeeded a large set of mainly Aboriginal actors — a first for the Australian film industry.

The Colour People may again be a shift in the content of *Speckler's* blackboard films — from cinematic and adventure to a story which deals, in the gloomiest and sweetest of ways, with very real social issues — but it hasn't marked a change in the box office. With *Neverland's* relative success, the transition in content is not so marked, and it would be surprising if *The Fringe Dwellers* achieved the same commercial success. That the film should be met with debate — not abuse, and, while it is not going to be *Crumb's* *Smiley*, it doesn't deserve to be a commercial flop either. ★



But couldn't dance, Kristina Nelson (Trilly) and Justice Saunders (Ming) in *The Fringe Dwellers*

knowledge of hygiene, possessed in the clinical, artificial image of the hospital. The father, Joe (Rob Munn), is easily persuaded to gamble the real money (they black out), while Trilly's boyfriend, the young doctor, Phil (Peter Dinkal), is held up as the good man because he's "been there like a white fellow". Family solidarity is expressed in a scene reminiscent of *Little Foxes* (1934) as the family pushing their new house in parish colours and staying alone to a costly price.

The scene which is likely to provoke the most discussion, however, is the dramatic psychic sequence in the hospital, which leads to the death of the child. It is preceded by a scene where Phil tells Trilly the 'recipe' for abortion, although the young girl is horrified in the thought. Eve will produce a death.



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In New York, by the late spring of this year, the most safely-established new film is news, rising to glory from the dimly lit lights of Times Square, was *Woody Allen's Hannah and Her Sisters*. Not since *Annie Hall*, nearly two years ago, has Woody Allen so successfully hit that popular nerve which receives the vibrations of New York life and turns them into a representative pattern of people.

In this case, the people are all members of one Manhattan family. Hence the unusually large cast for a Woody Allen film. As usual, Allen wrote and directed it. And, as nearly usual, he appears in it, playing Hannah's ex-husband, a self-hating, hypochondriac TV director, who has no sooner been cleared of the brain tumor he suspects he's got, than he rifles through several different religions trying to find the one that offers hope. Ultimately, he concludes, salvation lies in being able to laugh at the cancer.

His Hannah and Her Sisters is not a comedy, so much as a group-portrait of people trying to make a meaning out of their busy-busy lives. It opens at one Thanksgiving dinner and closes, two years later, at another. In between, we follow the ups and downs of three daughters from a show-business family, their husbands, lovers, parents and offspring, all against a New York backdrop which Allen presents like a photo album of his favourite places and scenes.

Besides Allen himself, the cast includes Mia Farrow as Hannah, Michael Caine as her second husband, Ewan McGregor and Barbara Hershey as her sisters. Also some Spidee as Hershey's early love-in loser, Chris Fisher as Woody's girlfriend, and veteran players Mervyn O'Flynn and the late Lloyd Nolan as Hannah's parents.

Part of the success of *Hannah and Her Sisters*, I suspect, is the feeling that people — or at any rate New Yorkers — have been taking away from it, namely that it presents, if not a happy ending, then a happier view of existence than is customarily offered by Allen's comedies of urban desperation. In this instance, the group seems to produce its own therapy.

Whether or not this is intentional is, of course, something Woody Allen himself is best placed to answer. So, on a visit to New York, I made my best to see him. It was just over five years since we had last met. At that time, the meeting was in the duplex penthouse he still occupies, which was seen in the 160-degree shot with which his favourite cinematographer, Gordon Willis, opened *Manhattan*. It looks out on Central Park — not, coincidentally, towards the Central Park West apartment of Mia Farrow, who is Woody's closest off-screen companion — it is Mia Farrow's apartment that turns up in *Hannah*.

I was better prepared on this visit to encounter a Woody Allen who, at the years' past, adds up less and less to the comic

WOODY ALLEN

An Interview by Alexander Walker

"We're all forced to choose between reality and fantasy — and, of course, you can't choose fantasy, because there lies madness. If you do choose reality, then things are not perfect and you get hurt."

Late. Guy grabbing at gentlemen like *Shogun*. Since our last meeting, I had reread Robert Brenson's bio, collected back on Allen, Brenda Roth, which comes out this summer. And, in it, a far more complex Woody Allen, stronger than the usual Anglo-Jewish newspaper and magazine profile version. He regards as *Shogun's* Galleic interjection with unswerving seriousness, revealing the breadth of his literary (yetish, of course, shouldn't surprise anyone who has read his *New Yorker* essays), and also the reach of his ambitions. Neither the breadth nor the reach seems the particularly American on the contrary, Allen's spiritual and literary baggage appears to have been brought from Northern Europe and pre-war/early Russia. And, in this sense, *Hannah and her Sisters* reveals itself as a film far closer to democracy to the social and cultural fabric of Central Russia than of Reagan's America.

This time, my meeting with Woody Allen was at The Beckman, an apartment house on Park Avenue which also houses the screening theatre and cutting rooms of the Manhattan FilmMaker's Cooperative. The Beckman's old old mansion hall has, unapologetically, a Nietzsche-arched ceiling, which gives anyone passing through it the impression of entering an Anglican church. The majestic hall is lightened by Woody Allen himself, polite, considerate, attentive, but obviously taking tend care through his hair-glass in these questions on one the time available to him for asking answers to his own dilemmas, never mind making concessions to critics who aren't able to grant absolution.

"We budget for re-shoots to begin with, and my first eight or ten weeks' shooting are a 'first draft'. It would be like asking someone to write a novel in one draft and say: 'This is it. I'm not going to rewrite it'."

I believe you've just finished your new film — the one after Hannah?

No, I'm finishing it. We're going to shoot again next week, because I'm not happy with a couple of scenes in it and we're going to do them over.

Is that usual with you?

Uh-huh. This is my fifteenth film. I've never had a film that I didn't do extensive re-shooting on. Most of them are made in the re-shooting.

Is it that extensive?

Uh-huh. We budget for re-shoots to begin with, and my first eight or ten weeks' shooting are a 'first draft'. We look at it on the screen and, you know, it would be like asking someone to write a novel in one draft and say: "This is it. I'm not going to rewrite it." The same with a film. It's just that, with a novel, it's unacceptable and not comfortable on the screen, it's acceptable

and comfortable to read. It's not like writing! But there's no other way to do it.

So how much of the film is in the shooting script?

Well, I try and get as close as I can. I'll love any day to finish the first shooting and say: "Great! I don't need any re-shooting", or "I need only one day". But it's never close to that.

Let me ask you first about Hannah and her Sisters. Who or what came first in it? Was it an 'idea' or a 'character', or a set of characters?

Actually what happened was, I was reading an Anne Kennedy sex column, and I thought, "Gee, it's really interesting to do a story where you get three small groups of people in other groups of people and back to the first group." I thought it would be fun to do a movie with that technique. There were certain themes that were reworking, that I had never really worked out fully. One was, I always thought it would be interesting to do a story about a man who had fallen in love with his wife's sister. That always interested me. Another thing that interested me was: What happens to someone who gets the news that he has to go on for 30 days and then that sort of thing? Because I am it around me so often. I've been guilty of it myself! When the doctor says: "I just want to check this and that" — "I want to take a little biopsy" or something, people get plunged into re-evaluating their lives: they get frightened over that. So, these ideas were just running around, and I was able to combine them in a film where I could go from story to story.

It's a very pragmatic film. It throws up ideas, scenes and sequences that, with deliberation, could themselves have made a separate film.

Right. You could disassemble on some of those and do them separately. But, to me, the fun was to try and interweave them. That was based strictly on having read Anne Kennedy and thinking: What fun it is to work like that!

*In *Hannah* throughout it looks as you, do you use some interesting questions about your production for *Hannah* themselves. Hannah and her Sisters are, almost in its title, a Clarkhouse problem. Isn't it?*

It goes a done and, interestingly enough upon the screen it, *Hannah and her Sisters*, without my having any idea of what the story was, was really the very first thing that came — to the title. It's hard to make that relevant. Once, years ago, I was sitting home working on another script — working on some scenes or something — and the title of *Hannah and her Sisters* came to me. I had no idea of the story or anything. I just thought: That's an interesting title for something. And I filed it. So that was really the first thing that came.

Now, Hannah and her two sisters are very examples of womanhood in general, or specific New York womanhood? Hannah is a very serious character in the film.

Uh-huh.

... or indeed *Alvin Farrow* was in *Purple Heart of Cassio*. And her two sisters represent other aspects of women, and perhaps New York women?

They're three very different types, actually. As you say, Hannah is very serious and seems to have her hand on the wheel, though there are some hints on there that there are problems, too. She's, apparently, that her husband is not getting something from her that he needs, which causes her to drift a little to her sister. And then, in the scene with her sister in the dress store, when her sister says she's going to do a singing audition, Hannah is not exactly supportive. She is so on the surface, but not inside. So, you know she's not that perfect. But of those three sisters, she's the one able to keep her life together, whereas the other two have had much tougher times.

Sarah?

Well, Deanne West, who plays sister Holly, is completely serious. She's had a bad relationship in her life, and she switches from job to job. She's got a creative streak in her, but she has no control over her emotions. Hannah has control over her emotions. Holly is all over the place and any whim that happens — well, happens. She thinks she can work, she thinks she can act, she's gone from job to job, floundering completely. But she's also competitive with Hannah, because she wants to achieve success in the same area that Hannah did, although she's not suited to it at all.

The other girl, Lisa, played by Barbara Hershey, is the pretty younger sister, and kind of lost. She was an alcoholic for a while — I mean, not a prostitute, falling, during the great alcoholism, but enough of a problem to be sent to Alcoholism Anonymous. And she has been living for years in a tortured relationship with an older man who's really treating her. In the end, she wakes up marriage her teacher from college. So she's obviously in need of that kind of dependent relationship. It works for a while with a much older guy, but he is obviously too damaged himself, too difficult, and so it has to break up.

There's a feeling about this film that there isn't a, I suggest, the film it may be compared with, the Anne Hall and Manhattan. It's a feeling of melancholy, even of happiness, at the end of it.

It's depressing. I think that people are reading that into it. It's not intended. If it's true, it's an accidental success. I didn't want it to be a depressing film but, if you ask me, I wouldn't say I was happy. I'd say, first, Michael Caine has this incomprehensible joy for his wife's sister in the film that causes him a lot of pain, that causes his wife some pain, because she accuses him of drifting from her. It causes the young girl some pain, because she knows she's hurting her living with and is in one of those relationships where the guy loves her but won't leave her with her. It causes suffering for all those people. And, in the end, it does not really resolve itself in any tremendous way. Lisa finally ends up with another man, and Michael Caine finally backs to his wife, never really understanding what it was all about.

The character I play is essentially afraid because of his hypochondria, and a cancer has to quit his job and realize how trivial all the notions of his insurance show is, all the fight for ratings. He goes off on a quest to try and find answers to some of the deeper questions of life and, discovering in an amazing way, doesn't succeed in getting as those answers. He even thinks of choosing himself in one hour — and then, finally, figures, "It's pointless to shoot myself. I'm never going to know any of this, I'm just going to have to hang on to that idea real a 'maybe' — maybe there's more to life, maybe not." So, he gets no answers and just decides to hang on, have sleepless nights and anxiety, but maybe there's more to this than meets the eye...

"I don't see it as optimistic; I see it as vaguely hopeful"

So, if I see the film as not at all a happy thing, but as a slightly more optimistic — or at least, content within great limits of resignation. The characters sort of accept themselves in the end. But people see this as great happiness!

Would you say it's an optimistic film, despite yourself?

I don't see it as optimistic. I see it as vaguely hopeful. Just suggesting that there is more to life than we see, and not suggesting that the human heart is ever going to be happy or that we're ever going to understand our emotions or get control. We're all going to blunder around and hurt people and never understand why we fall out of love with people or why we love them, and never understand if there's a god out there or if there's not... just go on in a quasi-conscious sort of way.

In *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, *Mrs. Minnow* finds that she cannot see the consolation in her life. It's touching as the real, when she sits there watching *Fred and Ginger* dance on the screen...

... because of the way she played it.

Of course...... and the way it was directed. And, in this film, when you see the Marx Brothers and you realize that, well, maybe laughter is a sort of consolation that you're bringing to people, with the sense of consolation or resignation that accompanies it — do you see that as the main equivalent of the female character in *Purple Rose*?

In one respect only: that is, both characters begin to get distracted by a distraction. With this, said life in the film is an incredibly painful thing, and we're all forced to choose between reality and fantasy — and, of course, you can't choose fantasy, because then you're mad. You must choose reality. If you do choose reality, then things are not perfect and you get hurt. People betray you, things don't work out for you. She gets badly hurt. And then, in the end, the last she can do is kind of go back to these little distractions.



*"I want to get back to more serious, intimate stuff." Doree Keaton and Kristin Gidycz on the beach in *Luciano*.*

because that's all the money house offers her. Neither she nor a million other Americans were ever going to go out to Hollywood, during the Depression and marry movie stars. She's just got an hour and a half of forgetfulness from the pain of everyday living. The same in *Marshall* and her Sisters. You see the Marx Brothers and you say to yourself, "Well, not every second of life is perfect." I mean, there are some moments that are pleasurable, and you cling as well hang in for them, for they're the best you get. But I never fit and a sense of optimism in *Marshall* and her Sisters — just a sense of reasonably healthy resignation... that, you know, you opt out to cheer yourself...

Or at least you must when you pull the trigger.

Exactly.

Tell me something about the casting. It's interesting to see Michael Caine as a Woody Allen film. It's also amazing to see Alan van Spruse in a Woody Allen film.

Michael was originally an idea of mine, because I've always been a great fan of his. He's one of the few people around who can play serious and comedy. There's not a lot of it around. There are some great actors around, but you give them anything unusual to do and they can't do it. And you think there are some wonderful questions, and you give them something serious to do and they can't do it. But Michael seems to have a bigger scope than most actors. He just can play these things. I

wanted a normal man — you know, not Martin Bressi or something, just a regular man, who could play both serious and comic, where you could see him suffer a little and he could also get some laughs...

And Alan van Spruse, who plays the mostly, reprehensible artist in the *Radio* left when Lee first said: whose idea was he? Yours too?

Someone else suggested him. We were sitting at the table, the writing phase, putting names, and someone said, "What about Alan van Spruse?" The second she said it — it was my casting director — a was, like, for me, nobody else in the world could play that role. He just seemed as right as could be for it. Yet he never occurred to me. When I was writing it, I had to find someone intensely American, and gruffer — I mean, more like Ben Gazzara, someone like that. Lee was living with a movie artist. As soon as someone said "Alan", it felt perfect. It was a pleasure he was available: he was certainly fun to work with.

We also had that apocalyptic feeling he brings over from an *Apocalypse Now* film.

Right: he's truly a larger than life character.

And Marianne O'Sullivan as Marshall's mother?

Marshall was the natural choice: she was available, she's Min's mother in real life, and

and the son act. That fell so naturally. It would be hard for me to cast the part of Mia's mother without casting... well, Mia's mother, who's an actress and night store? Lloyd Losen, who plays Mia's father in the film, was one of the many names that came through. Actually, Lloyd was not the first choice for that part, because he lived in California and, you know, the film was not a high-budget film and we were fighting the budget. Whenever possible, especially in smaller roles, you try and hire people whose it's easy enough to fly in and put them up and all that. There was another actor we chose in New York, but we couldn't get runway on him because he was elderly and they'd just had some health problems. So we went to Lloyd. I didn't know it at the time — none of us did — that Lloyd in fact was doing *He Walks Alone* in and, very quietly, he'd be doing in the other room in Mia's house, which we were using for *Manhattan*, or the make-up room; and then, very quietly, come in on the set and fall out in the drug house early, and then return to the other room and bushead his strength all the time. You didn't know what was really in the back of it. You just thought, "Well, he's an elderly man, now he's early again," and you felt, "Well, the guy's smart." We didn't know he was dying. He was wonderful. I'd seen him in so many movies when growing up.

"I was talking to Jean-Luc Godard the other day, and he said: 'Why do you make so many movies?' And I said, 'Well, I don't know what else to do.'"

We all had. A question with a figure in it when you mention a budget for a Woody Allen picture, in what area does the budget lie?

Like eight million dollars, which is not a lot of money by American standards. *Annie Hall*, for example, cost three million dollars to make and, if I made the same movie today, being the same, it would cost eight million dollars — you know, with my improvements at all — just because of the huge inflationary rise over the years. The success and the cost of shooting in New York has gone up and up. I was talking to Jean-Luc Godard the other day, and he said, "Why do you make so many movies?" And I said, "Well, you know, I don't know what else to do. I finish a movie and then I have another idea. So, that's what I do for a living: I make movies." Then it turned out, on closer examination, he's made about 45 movies, or thereabouts. I mean, he's got a huge oeuvre.

I should have thought he was the last person to criticize you for your output.

He said, "Yes, I sometimes think I've made too many." But I don't think he's made too many. I always look forward to them.

You like Jean-Luc Godard movies?

Yes. I think he's a brilliant innovator. I

don't always love every film he's made. I think he's very innovative, but sometimes his innovations are taken by other people and used better. But he's certainly one of the innovators of cinema.

*There are scenes in *Hannah* and her father that look as if you and he yourself. "I must get this aspect of life — or this particular event I've seen happen — into a movie." For example, the two girls drive through back lanes at night to the man, and each tries to make sure she is dropped off last, which is a very funny sequence, or the scene where the client comes into Mia via Sylvia's studio in order to purchase her paintings by mail and branch to describe her new home.*

Both of those things I'm familiar with in real life, mainly right. I've been present at the first, where you wonder who's going to be dropped off first because you want privacy and then you want to be dropped off last. And I know someone who was decorating a beautiful home and was buying paintings to fit in with the decor of the house. Those are true-life incidents, yes.

Could I revert to what you mentioned at the beginning: how you have a hand-in-part of the budget for the make-up and, in fact, how you're a lot of the creative things happen during the shooting stage? Could you give me any specific examples?

Oh, sure. I can give you some big examples. In *Hannah* and her father, the whole of the second Thanksgiving party — there are three Thanksgiving parties in the film: at the start, the end and in the middle, marking a two-year time span — was an afterthought. In the original script, there were only two parties: one at the beginning, one at the end. But, as I saw the story as the screen and saw where I needed character development and where I needed climaxes to occur and all that, I went out and shot the entire sequence. When I say "re-shooting", I mean some old scenes and some brand new scenes. So, the entire second Thanksgiving party, which is a big climactic chunk of the picture, was not in my original script, but only because appeared to me that I couldn't afford it now that I had on the screen.

At what point does this become apparent to you? During the rough assembly?

No. What happens in overbooking, first you see the doctor. I sit here in this screening room and look at the dailies the day right after we shot them and, if the scene looks good, we film it and go on. If the scene doesn't look good, I shoot it again the next day. I don't find comfortably overwhelming scenes I don't think are good. Then I think the picture with all — presumably — good scenes and cut the picture together and it's usually a miserable disappointment. I don't say that frequently at all. I look at it with the editor, and we talk and sometimes I bring in the editing director, who's a friend of mine, or one of the players in the picture, like Elinor Wren, and we sit and chat and look at the film, and take some scenes and put them in a different order and trim certain things on and then, finally, we come to a point where we say "We've done what we can with this existing material".

The problem here is you need, say, a revelation scene between mother and daughter, or you got to see the exploding gas here... And then, I go on and shoot those things and put them in and, if I've guessed right, I've helped the film enormously. Usually, you tend to guess much more accurately in those situations, because it's not going from zero to a film: it's going from an existing film where the gaps show you must probably what's really required. Then, usually, I go on and shoot again. I can say to the producer: "Well, we've solved ninety percent of the problems, but we're still missing a scene", or "For some reason my idea for a scene with the girl at the end didn't work." We go on and shoot again — and again — and again, if necessary, until it's finally done that I don't have to go over budget for that. I have a budget for that.

"I conceive the film — I sit home and write it — and it's brilliant. Everything is true Chekhov or Shakespeare: it's grand! And then, you start to work, and the truck with fresh compromises drives up every day."

Now, there is a great tendency, when you're sitting with people watching dailies — they all want you to love the dailies because, you know, the producer doesn't want to lose. "I've got to go and do that again tomorrow!" So, the higher you are and the harder you work to me and it's, like, thumbs up/thumbs down on the thing. They want me to say "I love it!" and go on. You have to have the courage to say it was my good because one doesn't realize that if, say, I shoot five scenes a day in a five-day week — between 30 and 35 scenes — and let's say just one shot is bad, and the other 34 are fine. You figure "well, it's a great week, one out of 34 is nothing". You can live with that, and you go on. Then you find, after your twelve-week shooting schedule at that rate, that you've got twelve shots that don't work. You don't think it's much at the time, but it slowly accumulates. When you actually have to cut the film together and you're sitting in front of the editing table, you're stuck with twelve scenes that don't work. Let's say it's two out of 25. Then you've got two dozen scenes that don't work. The cost is huge in terms of the effectiveness of the film.

So, you really have to be pretty honest in. You've got to say to the folks: "I'm sorry, it is not a good scene. You all love it, but for me it doesn't work", and you go and get it to be happy with it. Even at this rate, all the pictures come up imperfect. Even at that madhouse rate of shooting these over and over again, they still come out flawed. None of them is close to being perfect. Some are better than others, some are very contributing to the public — not flawed.

Creatively flawed.

Sure, because the public doesn't know where you're sitting. You're sitting for the

atmosphere and you fall. You hope you fall passionately enough to give audiences a good time. But sometimes you fail miserably.

That must be rare

It's been rare, fortunately. And it has to be rare in the film business, otherwise they don't give you the eight million dollars.

Which film has been a disappointment to you?

For me, I've been disappointed uniformly down the line. I consider the film — I sit home and write it — and, when I conceive it, it's brilliant. Everything is true: *Chickadee* or *Shakespeare*. It's great! And then, you start work, and the crack with flash cameras drives up every day. You can't get the actor you want, the set doesn't really look the way you envisioned it. . . . When you read in the script: "His camera is, hang up his coat and leave the girl", the guy's not to come in, walks across the room, takes the coat off — and suddenly, it's taking forever. It doesn't fit upon the screen the way you conceived it. So, you keep changing and compromising. And, when the picture comes out, it's, like, sixty percent — if you're lucky — of what you wanted to make. You don't get the hundred percent. So, for me, they're all such disappointments. They're so far removed from all the great masterpieces I did I was conceiving.

It must surely be a powerful consolation when you read the reviews?

It's not so much a consolation: it's a life-saver. There are some filmmakers who are not dependent on reviews and some who are. I happen to be one that is. An extreme example: you could say anything you wanted about *Sullivan* and they'd come out. But, when I make a film, if the critics don't support it, then I don't get much of an audience for it. So I make a lot of the critics. Over the years, the critics have been very supportive of me, so I feel very relieved when that happens. But I feel I'd still like to get some of the nice critics who've been supportive on one side and say to them: "I'm sorry I let you down. If you could have only said what I had in my head's eye, I had nothing less than *Shirley Thomas* or *Chickadee*!"

*Very likely, *De Sica* or *Heller* were among the nice thing about *Boyz n the City*. (They're in *Kiss Kiss Kiss* in the same way *meets Mezzogiorno*.)*

It's possible that that kind of thing happens. Bergman once told me that he'd

"I'll run into someone who'll say to me: 'Gee, Annie Hall is the best movie I grew up on.' And I'm thinking to myself: 'Oh, I missed so many good depths in that picture, and so many bright ideas in the original script!'"



"We're all going to flounder around and hurt people and never understand why we love them and if there's a god out there or if there's not . . ."



*Vip, with Meryl Streep in *Nightmares*, above, with Diane Keaton in *Annie Hall*.*



*Above with Meryl Streep in *Nightmares* and (below) in *Breakaway Disney* Room.*

been very surprised at the reception that *The Seventh Year* got. It had been something they "went out in the woods and shot", so to speak, and he was very surprised at how Americans had taken to that film and how interpreted they were to it — those who saw that it had great new writers all over it. But, to him, it was just a film based on a play he'd written quickly. So, you may be right about that in certain cases. It'll run into someone who'll say to me: "Gee, *Annie Hall* is the best movie I grew up on." And I'm thinking to myself: "Oh, I missed so many good depths and so many bright ideas in the original script!"

Can you say anything about your new picture?

I can only say that that I'm not in it, and it's deliciously nothing like *Mame* and *Mr. Sweeney*. I didn't want to make another picture like that right away. That's to say, an interior picture. It's a big, colorful, comic musical, with a lot of music in it — almost a musical. But it isn't musical: it's a musical comedy about a plot, just sort of a semi-documentary, part-plot account of certain years of my childhood — a relaxed little reminder that I happen to know about second-hand or that I remember firsthand. It's got a very large cast, but the parts: Meryl Streep has a tiny part, so has Deanne Wiest, and Jeff Daniels and Tony Roberts and a lot of people I've

worked with. Diane Keaton says a line in it. It's meant to be a nostalgic comedy film for an hour and a half, and I hope it works as such. I'm writing my next film now, and I want to get back to music again, musical stuff. But I did want to take a break from that. I wanted to make something broader and less about suffering.

*When you say "more musical", how much more musical? Serious in the way *Swingtime* was?*

Yes. I'd like to start to clear the decks before the next batch of films I make. I want the next few films to be of quite a serious nature. Yes, as serious as *Amadeus*. Hopefully, I'll be able to improve my technique. I think I have improved since then.

Have you ever thought of making a film in a foreign country?

I have thought of it. It would not bother me at all. Of course, right now, the world is in such a mess. I don't dare even go to the airport to meet my parents coming back from Florida. But, yes, it's not a bad idea to make a film abroad. Many of the great comedians are abroad. They're all abroad, with the exception of Gordon Willis — all the great comedians either Irish or Italian or French. Yes, it would be fun!

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HEART, HAUFF & HEAD



"The

powerful of men is not the end of his life," reads the inconspicuous but strategically placed poster in the centre of Reinhard Hauff's media board. "Where there's hope, there's life." In one way or another, the poster and its positioning reveal a good deal about Hauff, the rising force of the New German Cinema movement — which is new, of course, both old and over — and director of the controversial *Stammheim*, which won the Golden Bear at this year's Berlin Film Festival.

Above all, Hauff's gentle, powerful calm contrasts strikingly with the near hysteria of the festival's jury president, Gina Lollobrigida, who previously denounced *Stammheim* as "an empty, boring, brutal spectacle which is cheap, ambiguous and extremely dangerous". She even went so far as to suggest (in an interview with the magazine, *Der Spiegel*) that "the vote for *Stammheim* was pre-determined: it was obvious before the festival that it would win first prize."

La Lollo's reaction is further highlighted by Hauff's affable understanding of her comments: "It was not really a good idea to ask her to be president of the jury at this festival," he says. "But she did the best possible job. Normally, it's not my style to get publicity in this way. But what she said was more provocative than actually winning the prize. She said what the majority of people feel about this type of film, and she gave it more media coverage than it would have got if the film remained silent."

Even with this first glimpse of major international recognition, seventeen years after his first feature, Hauff still remains sceptical about the usefulness of festivals and the value of show awards, however: "I have found competitive festivals not worthwhile," he says. "The jury decisions mean nothing. I've been so jaded myself, and you fight and compromise for films, countries or friends. It's like a lottery: a jury merely makes a unanimous decision, so then the banner begins. It's an old game."

"I didn't actually want to get involved in this year's Berlin festival, but at least I had time to prepare properly. We spent a lot of time speaking to political correspondents

"In Germany, either people are brought up in a very literary way, or they're brought up on cheap comedy. The two never meet. That's why we have so few films that are both meaningful and entertaining"

about *Stammheim*; very few people here writing about the inside story of the Baader-Meinhof trial, so we paved the way with lots of background material. Really, though, I think the festival only took it because they couldn't find another German film. When they first invited me, in November, I said no. But, by January, they were desperate, and they changed the rules so that films previously screened in Germany could be shown. So I relented. In general, I prefer non-competitive festivals like the one at Haifa. It's important to have

Mike Downey meets Reinhard Hauff, director of the controversial film about the Baader-Meinhof Group, which won the prize at Berlin this year, to the accompaniment of shrieks of fury from Gina Lollobrigida.

HEART, HAUFF & HEAD

scripted with other directors."

Hauff's earliest involvement in the arts was as a literary director and actor in his student days, but the combination of taking a vacation job at the Bavaria Studio and his urge to abandon his university studies allowed him to stray into the world of film, albeit via television.

"I just wanted to get an idea of what TV work was like," he says, "and they asked me to stay. I was a third assistant, but I did everything. It was even a script reader. Then I graduated in social studies at the university, but it wasn't really what I was interested in at the time. I wanted to do theatre — it was the heyday of Cuzack and Terste — but I couldn't really turn down the chance of making TV programs. It also gave me the chance to travel. I spent a long time in Japan, America and France. And I had my own programme when I was 24. My last TV documentary was about James Lepin, and it went about as far as you could go in that field at that time. After that, I got out. But it wasn't so easy to get into various dramatic programmes. This came from our whole educational system in Germany: either people are brought up to a very literary way, or they're brought up on cheap comedy. The two never meet. That's why we have so few films that are both inspiring and entertaining."

Abandoning light entertainment for a year, Hauff managed to put together *Die Axtzeit* (The Axtzeit) in 1969, a TV film dealing with the student killings of the previous year. He followed that up with his first film for the big screen, *Marlene Axtzeit* (1971), about a legendary Bavarian outlaw, and *Dasater* (Disaster), which was shown in the Directors' Fortnight at Cannes in 1973. It starred Margarete von Trotta, in a part almost tailor-made for the context of the big screen, where survival is only possible through silence.

"I want to use emotion to reach some kind of understanding, to reach the head through the heart. Messages are useless without emotion"

Hauff is completely open about his desire to send his public messages through his films. But he is also modest about how far that can be done. "Of course, I have nothing against a message," he says. "But I think you must first of all convince an audience. I want to use emotion to reach some kind of understanding, to reach the head through the heart. Messages are useless without emotion; they have no power. My favourite films all have a high emotional content and a provocative message. A film needs a strong foundation in reality, but also a universality. Many filmmakers allow their aesthetic obsession to interfere too much. Very few are able to have these obsessions and then not lose the thread of the main concept. Take Kozlovski in *Keine arms gegen*: he has melodrama, naturalism, realism, documentary, and yet the film has one centre. My main influence is probably Italian neo realism."

It was really that was to provide Hauff with the centre of his new film. In 1966, Burkhard Driest, an ex-classmate of Hauff's, was jailed for five years for a bank robbery he had committed near Hanover, just before taking his final exams at law

school. He got away with 7,000 Deutschmarks (under \$5,000). On his release, Driest wrote the novel, *Die Verführung des Peter Blass* (The Seduction of Peter Blass), which was turned into a screenplay and directed by Hauff under the same title in 1974. Like other movies, Driest didn't produce an autobiographical report of his experiences, but used his personal suffering to tell an objective story of great authenticity, about the brutalisation of a human being in a brutal environment. Driest's original experience was that, in a prison, you find the same rule-structure as on the outside, but more highlighted because unswayed.

Hauff's collaboration with Driest continued on *Zischschneier* (Pussy) in 1973, which was the film of a series of three films dealing with the problems of young people. "Pussy was about the resistance by the children of communists to the Nazi regime," says Hauff. "I used four fourteen-year-old teenagers, and I would very much like to work with young children again. Their language is sometimes very poetic, especially in their description of silence. Sometimes, though, their reactions are more conditioned than you would believe: they say the same things as their parents, only more staged."

Hauff followed up *Pussy* with a 'Heimatfilm' — a traditional German genre about rural life — called *Peter Penzler*, which was also from a script by Driest, in which he seems to have discovered the old filmmaker's dream from the days of the silent, that the most penetrating narrative possible is the camera itself. *Peter Penzler* portrays the misery of contemporary rustic life, ultimately exploding in brutal impasse. George and his family, but not — as per the aforementioned poster in Hauff's Munich office — without a glimmer of hope, the film displays a great loss of the countryside and its inhabitants.

"It was Peter Penzler that first made me think about working with non-professionals and somehow taking responsibility for them," says Hauff. "There were all these questions when I did work as a filmmaker, interested in other people's life opposed to my own stories, involving the world, taking over for a while, then suddenly run up and leave and wave goodbye! I spoke with Werner Herzog about this, because he often uses non-professional actors. But it's not so much of a moral issue with him."

Hauff found a young boy, headless and ragged, on the streets of a small town in Bavaria, who was used for the lead role in *Peter Penzler*. "When I asked his father's permission to do a test, I found that the father would be ideal for his on-screen father. I showed them the script and they said: 'Yes, we can do it. It's our life.' They didn't have to act that much, because they understood exactly what they were doing. But, before that, they had never actually directed their children. After a while, we just left. And they went on their own again, with a whole mass of problems having been raised."

The sheer joy of finding a ready-made cast was soon to become a cause for alarm, when the teenage in question left home as a result of his attraction with the director, actors and crew. He came straight to Hauff for help. In the long term, Hauff could offer none.

This is where the idea came from for Hauff's first internationally known film, *Der Angstschrei* (The Screaming

Shout), which was written by Christl Bockmann. "It was about the area around the area," recalls Hauff, "and the circumstances of his death were a kind of parallel of what I wanted my film to be about. He was fascinated all his life by working people, by the power of the young people of the streets, by their fantasy and culture, music, language and dialect. In the end, it killed him. The homosexual aspect is not important: the main thing was that he was killed on the streets. I haven't been killed or attacked, but the story of the actor and the film director is similar. You're always going after people, changing their lives, bringing them new ideas and, perhaps, a greater understanding of their situation — situations they maybe never analysed before."

"Of course, I am a bourgeois and not a country proletarian. But they can't make films about themselves, so why shouldn't I do it?"

Though the hypocritical devotee of *The Actor* is seen as reflecting some of Hauff's own attitudes, they are hardly compatible or compatible. "My position is that I don't have any right answers. The boy is alone in the end. The director is interested in making films and not correcting faults. Of course, I am a bourgeois and not a country proletarian. But they can't make films about themselves, so why shouldn't I do it?"

It seems Hauff's guilt feelings run fairly deep — perhaps a result of his strongly Protestant upbringing during and just after



On stage of the middle row: above, Ulrich Plaggen at the court address and, below, Andreas Bressan (Ulrich Toller) being restrained during the trial in Reinhold Hauff's *Strafprozess*





Ridiculed from within: the 'New Wave' in youth terrorism

the war in Germany. "I feel strongly for others and their predicament," he says. "And I am frustrated by my own helplessness to do anything. My films all deal with victims of one kind or another. Most of our protagonists are in opposition to society, struggling alone or without siblings. I feel that so many people are unhappy with society, and the situation is getting so much worse for so many."

After *The Man Actor*, he took another three movies — *Mörder im Kopf* (A Knife in the Head, 1979), *Endurance Proband* (Slow Motion, 1980) and *Der Mannstrepper* (The Man on the Walk, 1982) — before Haselt finally gained really widespread international recognition with this year's Berlin prize-winner, *Stammheim*. With such a dauntingly provocative title, however, it was no easy job for him to find the money to produce it. Workshop Film, the production

company he shares with Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta, put up some of the budget, but the rest was raised through more unorthodox means.

"One good thing about West Germany," says Haselt, "is the federal system: there are so many different TV centres, and I can shop and change. I could never have gone to the Bavarian Film Fund with the script of *Stammheim* — it's not their stage! I actually went to three TV stations, and they all said no: it was too risky for them. One was direct about it, the others made excuses. So, in the end, I found a very different way round the problem of raising 13 million Deutschmarks [£13,000]. I found a theatre group in Hamburg which had just broken up — Thilo Theimer, run by Rainer Plenz. The protest was so put along by presenting the finished film alongside a theatrical playlet directed by

George Tabori, and followed by a debate with a panel of experts. So, Thilo had the act and provided the screen. We also got some money from the enormous Film Fund in Hamburg; they're more liberal than the one in Bavaria."

Even in the context of the plethora of films about urban terrorism which have been made recently in Germany — Margarethe von Trotta's *Die bleibende Zeit* (Dark Times) and Das ewige Bräutchen der Christa Kluge's (*The Second Awakening of Christa Kluge*), and the compilation film *Deutschland im Herd (Germany in Asunder)*, so none but stars — Haselt can afford his documentary subject matter so expensive, and his public is shocked from the true facts and realisation of the truth that it was a matter of duty to bring the story to the screen.

"Some of their dialogue in prison was pure poetry: a scriptwriter couldn't have written it"

"The real conflicts and the inside story of the prison — how they actually talked with each other — was never really known," he says. "For anyone who has a feeling for language, it was like absolute theatre — like Brecht. When I first read the transcripts, I couldn't believe that this happened for real in a German court of law. Some of their dialogue in prison was pure poetry: a scriptwriter couldn't have written it. But when I wanted to show was the extreme points of view held by both left and right — a dialogue of the deaf — so was listening to anyone except themselves. It's a special problem in Germany: people narrow down their own perspectives and block out other opinions so easily."

"The main problem lay in finding a general concept. Here, we have the question of finding an alternative to terrorism and the state — a third way. The problem for non-Germans is that, even with translation, they get only a hint of the subtlety of the dialogue. But the people from Clark and Son, Wisconsin who saw it could immediately grasp the concept, because they have similar trials in their own countries. How do you deal with people who have a genuine political point for their struggle, but end up by racism, hate and motivation? But, as one of the protagonists in the trial said: 'How can we allow every one who is against society to set up his own private war? He's right: there would only be chaos.'"

Though Haselt sympathises to a considerable extent with the terrorists in *Stammheim*, he has since come under attack from both left and right. At first (directly named) bands, copies of the film have been destroyed, cinemas up and fire and propaganda locked in their doors. He has also received threatening phone calls himself. "For safety," he concludes, "terrorism is the only answer; that is why it exists. But, for the general public and the media, terrorism is only the effect (see left), a car bomb, whatever. ... No one else who. It's not so difficult to understand. What is difficult is to provide a solution. One in ten people in Germany today is living below the poverty line, as some cases will below it. A lot of people have no hope, especially at my age. I have friends who know that they have little chance of ever finding work again. No wonder terrorism exists."

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LESSONS *from* ORSON

a tribute by
HENRY JAGLOM

In 1970, I directed Orson Welles in *A Safe Place*, my first film. In 1995, I directed him in *Valentino*, his last film performance, as it turned out. It will be released this year.

In the decade and a half in between, we became very good friends. We had lunch once or twice a week, and spoke on the phone almost daily the entire year. I learned much — very much — from Orson Welles. We taped all those lunches, for him to use in a book that he would someday write: his autobiography.

*"Never give them control
over your tools,"
is what I hear Orson
telling me now . . .*

LESSONS
from
ORSON



Welles in *Shadow of a Doubt* (opposite page) and *Shadow of a Doubt*,
1943. Photo by John J. Mordant. Photo by John J. Mordant.



I would ask him a question or mention a person I was interested in, and when he had known Chaplin, Hemingway, Churchill, Garbo, Picasso, F.D.R. And he would talk.

I felt as if I was meeting the people I had always been most fascinated by. Of course, Oliver had prejudices which influenced his perceptions of these people, and his attitude toward them was utterly coloured by who he was. But his prejudices were so like mine that I felt as if I were getting to know them the way I would have done, had I been around back then.

On each of my last two films, *Can He Take a Cherry Pie?* and *Always*, Oliver did something truly remarkable. He would look twice until I had a fairly solid line rough cut, meaning the wrong repetition on such occasions to look at any of the footage in the early stages. Lunch after lunch, for many months, I would tell him: "Not yet?"

When I finally did have a pretty tight cut ready, he came to my editing room, sat in a wheelchair for an hour, studied his Monte Cristo script and looked at the movie as my editing machine, reel by reel, talking as he watched — advising, suggesting, pointing, laughing, arguing with the whole crew. His remarks, being recorded by the voices he had made, those voices, their flaws, his "mistakes", his conclusions.

Both films, it was a virtuoso performance, taking two days per movie, ten or twelve hours each, following lunch, followed by dinner, when the talk continued, the ideas flowed, scenes reshaped, thoughts, dialogue provided continuity.

And he would talk. I would listen. Ask. Argue. And listen.

Well, in the fifteen years that I know him, I'd say that the two main lessons Oliver taught me came early. One was positive, from Oliver's example. The other was negative — who, and, from his example.

The positive lesson was that **MAKE MOVIES FOR YOURSELF**. "Make them as good as you can, so that you are satisfied, never compromising, because they are going to show up to haunt you for the rest of your life," he told me on the set of my first film. He had watched me for a few days, and finally came to the rather surprised conclusion that "you're trying something outrageous, aren't you?" I nodded yes, I hoped I was.

"Don't let anybody tell you what to do," he said. "And never make a movie for anyone else, or on some idea of what other people will like. Make it power, and hope that there will be others who will understand. But never compromise to make them understand. Never do anything you feel you have to."

The negative lesson was simply that **NEVER NEED HOLLYWOOD**. Never depend on a big name financing, for support, for your ability to make films. Get your backing as far away as possible from what they proudly call their "industry", if you have any intention of being an artist. Co-creative control comes, as Oliver's last two decades fully showed. He stood there till the end, and they rejected him till the end. And a half dozen or more brilliant women producers never got made in a result. And a courageous artist could never get back to the movies that they had pulled out from under him.

So "Never give them control over your tools," is what I hear Oliver telling me now, as I edit his final screen appearance.

"Make the movie as you want to make. On your own. And be free."



Full house: the Cinéma du Châlier theatre in 1972.



Alfred, Glau in the Musée, Bérice, Costa Gavras and Bernard Luperon.



Henri Langlois was, in every sense, the father of the Cinéma du Châlier. But, when he died in 1973, what he left behind was styled very much in his own image: an enormous labyrinth of unaccountable accounts, possessed of a youthful benevolence, yet starving through neglect and mismanagement of the outside world.

Ten years on, the Cinéma du Châlier Française, one of the world's richest and most prestigious film archives, is celebrating its 50th birthday. Its successful new wave children have grown up and moved away, and the French government has taken charge of its affairs, offering it a luxurious new home and a generous pension to ensure its survival. The old lady of French cinema, however, shows all the signs of passing through a crisis. The recent change of government in France is only the latest shock on the horizon.

A report on the Cinéma du Châlier's new management, published in June last year by the *Cour des Comptes*, France's public accounts committee, was highly critical. It put losses during the preceding three years at several million francs (33,000 francs (\$10,150) were missing in one night alone at the Châlier theatre, double payment of accounts was a frequent occurrence, and insurance claims were lodged in late that no reimbursement was possible. Two highly-paid trade firms tried to sort out the books, but without success.

In 1981, many new staff members were taken on, only to be made redundant a few months later for "economic reasons", enabling them to claim high levels of unemployment benefit. The *Cour des Comptes* report also mentioned several cases of alleged extravagance. For instance, 1,000 mats were specially manufactured for the extensive production of the complete version of Abel Gance's *Napoleon*. The cost: 2 million francs (\$630,000) for three screenings. Plans to send the film on tour in the provinces and abroad had to be abandoned, and the mats were put in stores at a further cost of 43,000 francs (\$13,000) a year.

The Cinéma du Châlier also produced a special video cassette illustrating René Clément's contribution to the silent cinema. Of the 300 made, only four were sold. Also criticised by the report were the "considerable benefits" enjoyed by its honorary president, filmmaker Costa Gavras, and the generous annuity paid to the widow of film historian Georges Sadoul, in return for the donation of his library.

All this came as little surprise to an organisation which has consistently been plagued by controversy and accusations of mismanagement. And the *Cour des Comptes* should have been aware that a lifetime's work devoted to the preservation of world cinema cannot easily be expressed in terms of profit and loss. Founded in 1929 by a 20-year-old Turkish immigrant (Langlois) and his friend, Georges Franja, the Cinéma du Châlier originally consisted of a small one-room, the "Cercle du Cinéma", on the Champ-Élysées, and a few films reputedly stored in Langlois' bathroom. At

Cinémathèque Française: Life Begins At Fifty

This year, one of the world's most famous film institutions clocks up its half-century. Michael Freedman looks back over the 50 sometimes turbulent years of the Cinémathèque Française, and examines the shake-up of the past twelve months.

"What concerns me is that we continue to make new films, that cinema moves ahead. For me, the cultural role of the Cinémathèque lies in creating the future, since it is the museum of a living art. A museum dedicated not only to the past, but also to the future. For me, the glory of the Cinémathèque is to have made possible Les 400 coups, Le Beau Serge. A bon de souffler; to have helped Resnais and Rohat; to have contributed in the heyday of Milan and Rome to the genesis of neo-realism."

Henri Langlois



Henri Langlois calling his bluff

a time when most producers were recycling film stock for future productions. Langlois, an obscure collector and preserver of movies to him, they were all precious works of art. Above all, he would show his films.

By the end of the war (and without any new funding), the Cinémathèque's collection numbered 3,000 films, and its screening room in the Avenue du Musée was regularly filled to capacity. It was here that the now famous filmmakers of the nation learned their trade: the 'children of the Cinémathèque' would later become the 'cinéma renouveau' of French cinema. A *Cahiers du cinéma* editorial in 1968, signed by François Truffaut, Eric Rohmer and Jacques Rivette, declared that "without Langlois, there would be neither *Cahiers* nor a new wave."

The Cinémathèque's greatest challenge came that same year, when Langlois was asked by De Gaulle's Minister for Culture, André Malraux. The French government had financed the royal movie in the Palais du Chateau, and felt that it deserved a greater say in the running of the institution. It appointed eight new directors representative to the administrative council, and a financial director so where Langlois was, for the first time, answerable. Following the very critical Malraux report on the operations of the Cinémathèque and the acknowledged success by the Gaullist government to centralize the arts in France — something which went against the aim of the Cinémathèque's independence — Langlois was sacked on 9 February 1968, and replaced by Pierre Barbaud.

Such was the uproar for Langlois that, within four days, 40 directors had decided to boycott the new administration by not allowing their films to be screened, and 500 filmmakers, artists and critics attempted to blockade the Cinémathèque's Left Bank theatre. On 14 February, Barbaud asked 42 Cinémathèque employees: "The following day, 1,000 people attended a demonstration called by François Truffaut, normally the most unpolitical of men, in the Palais du Chateau. The police were called in at 10 o'clock, and no one but Jean-Luc Godard got through. When the police charged, Truffaut and Godard were slightly injured, and Bernard Tavernier's face was covered in blood."

The battle continued to rage in the press for more than a week, and the government organized a press conference at the Bois de Boulogne to show journalists in what 'bad conditions' Langlois kept his prints. When American producers and a number of foreign archives joined the boycott, Malraux was finally persuaded to surrender, and Langlois was reinstated less than two weeks after he had been dismissed.

While the affair of '68 was a resounding victory for Langlois and the Cinémathèque (and was considered to have been an important catalyst and example for the violent student riots which gripped Paris later that year), it also meant that, with the departure of the government, the funding disappeared. For more than ten years, the

Cinémathèque survived only by the determination of Langlois and the warm generosity of its supporters.

"After Langlois," says the new president, Costa Gavras, "the Cinémathèque was like an abandoned ship, leaking and slowly sinking. The film was drowning — drowning themselves. Up to 1981, the Cinémathèque's salary was ludicrously small: a mere 4 million francs (£1.2 million, at current exchange rates). Everything changed when Jack Lang became Minister for Culture (in Mitterrand's Socialist government). The salary went up to 12 million francs in 1982, 20 million francs in 1983, and 25 million francs in 1984. We weren't prepared for such an injection of funds: there was no real management team. The new budget posed tremendous problems for an organization which had lived in misery for so long. The today, everything is going well."

It seems that the latest report from the Court des Comptes has served to galvanize the Cinémathèque into action, and, on the admission of Costa Gavras, helped it put its house in order. "We've introduced tight management," he says, "with a detailed budget for each activity; a new salary structure has been set up, and, for the first time in its history, the Cinémathèque's books will be balanced."

"When I got back from shooting *Monsieur R.* at the end of 1983, I carried out a shake-up of fear of the top people left, and I ran the Cinémathèque single-handed for four months, until Bernard Luperon joined us as general manager in May 1984." "When I got there," says Langlois, "I devoted my time almost exclusively to two main projects: reorganization of the archives (rearranging, cataloguing and restoring the films), and cleaning up the administration. The first job will take about ten years, but at least now we are on the way."

The report by the Court des Comptes, which examined all the Cinémathèque's activities, revealed a fact that had previously been kept secret — at least never properly established: the Cinémathèque's collections contained 17,000 films, or 120,000 cans, 50,000 cans of which were still on movie stock. Used movie stock becomes increasingly inflammable as it ages. After a certain time, depending on storage conditions, the film will literally self-destruct inside, strange smells will be noticed for the target film a few years ago, which almost destroyed the Cinémathèque's Perrier warehouses and, with it, hundreds of cans of precious film footage.

Typically, Langlois had been violently opposed to transferring his films onto safety (except) plastic since safety film was, for him, slow and infinitely more beautiful, it could die in the cans. Langlois believed that removing the films from their cans and projecting them (or at least rewinding them) would somehow protect them. Certainly, this had the effect of dissipating the anxious guess given off by the cinema. But, according to scientists, it

Cinémathèque Française: Life Begins At Fifty

would not prevent the film from eventually becoming available. Ironically, although the nitrate stock apparently did melt, it damaged Langlois' reputation, it also greatly enlarged the Cinémathèque's collection. In 1951, the government declared the possession and screening of nitrate films illegal, and ordered holders either to destroy them or hand them over to the Cinémathèque.

The high proportion of nitrate film was not the only problem, even before the events of 1951. Langlois received a mistrust of government interference bordering on persecution. Convinced that the state would somehow find a way of getting its hands on his films, he refused to keep them all in one place, or even to prepare an inventory of what he archive possessed. And he would never declare the single of many of his films. This, coupled with a lack of funds, particularly during the twenties, meant that many of the films that arrived at the Cinémathèque could not be checked as to their condition or content. Many were already in a poor state, and the case remained unopened for many years. It was, in fact, so bad that Langlois' intent was more in collecting than preserving, and the new administration faced a colossal task in putting the archive in order.

Salvaging films became the number one priority, according to Langlois. With the modernization and extension of the warehouse facilities at Saint-Cyr and the Bois d'Arcy, the Cinémathèque has increased its holdings from 125 to 150 films per year, and has maintained the gradual establishment of a completely computerized inventory. "We're currently restoring more than 1,000 feature films per week," says Langlois. "In five to ten years, the entire nitrate collection should have been inventoried." 3,000 films have already been classified into the new computer, with over 500 details for each film to be stored on the index. A team of ten people is working full-time on the inventory, and, under archive director Vincent Pilon, 25 people are employed in restoration and conservation work. Among the most notable of this year's restorations are Abel Gance's *La Roue* (1923), Louis Feuillade's 1913 classic, *Les Vampires* (restored mainly in color), *Le Châli* (1936) (Gaston Film Festival), and Alexander Volkov's *Cassandre*.

In some cases, restoration becomes a case of almost total reconstruction. An extreme case has been André Antoine's *L'Effroyable nuit* in its original state in 1910, the film remained unedited until the Cinémathèque recommenced post production in 1982, and had its "première" on the opening screening of this year's birthday celebrations.

What has made the Cinémathèque so much more vital than other film archives has been its policy, started by Langlois and reinforced by his successors, of devoting as much effort to screening films as it does to preserving them. For its 50th birthday year, the Cinémathèque has not even more than usually competing programs planned. In the Palais de Chaillot and the relatively new cinema at the Centre Georges Pompidou, screenings include homages to Carl Theodor Dreyer, Ernst Lubitsch and Georges Franju, a report of the entire 1936 *Cervin* du Caennais propaganda, and an entire month devoted to the new wave. Directors have been invited to present and discuss their films, and Jean-Luc Godard and Eric Rohmer have already made appear-

ances to packed audiences. Wim Wenders, who screened his *Der amerikanische Freund* (*The American Friend*, made in 1977 and dedicated to Langlois) in January, declared that the year he spent spreading screenings at the Cinémathèque in 1985 was "among my fondest memories, and responsible for my decision to make films."

Since 1982, various attempts have been made to find the Cinémathèque a proper home (it currently sits accommodated in three separate locations). There was some talk of the Grand Palais but that, in the end, was put to another use, and the planned Centre Lavoisier for the outputs of Paris apparently proved too expensive. The Palais de Tokyo, which formerly housed the Musée d'Art Moderne (now included in the Centre Pompidou), was finally selected in 1984, and an official announcement was made by Jack Lang in February of this year. The Cinémathèque is expected to begin moving some time next year. According to Costa Gavras, "the Palais de Tokyo will be ideal for the Cinémathèque, because it matches our requirements exactly. It is in poor condition, and restoring it will cost a lot of money, but, at long last, the cinema's collective memory will be gathered together under a single roof." If all goes according to plan, within two to three years the Palais de Tokyo will house the Cinémathèque's offices, the Centre National de la Photographie, its entire films devoted to a single museum, and three theatres. Of the latter, one would show 300 films a year from the archive, one would be devoted to the cinema of world cinema, and the third would be reserved for contemporary films which did not get a worthwhile run in the commercial circuit. The French film school, IDHEC, and the Institut Lumière, which now contains over 100,000 volumes, would also be housed in the same building.

Not everyone supports the plan. Coluche du cinema, long-time supporter of Langlois and the Cinémathèque, and never one to shy away from an ideological debate, believes that 1985 should mark a turning point in the history of the Cinémathèque. Coluche rejects a new direction — or at least "a new serious tradition" — which may be for the worse. Two things, in particular, bother Coluche: the planned extension of the cinema museum, and whether or not the Cinémathèque will stick to its role of encouraging and displaying new talent. "It is now up to the directors to return to the Cinémathèque the mission entrusted in the thought of its founder, his abandoned over the last 30 years, due to lack of both means and enthusiasm," thunder Coluche. "Mustn't? Did someone say museum?"

answered Philippe Sabatard in Coluche's January 1986 issue. "I can see it now: long, darkly corridors, unlit, and here and there by orderlies in caps, collecting dust. Is this the future of our Cinémathèque?" Despite Coluche's objections, however, the museum has been one of Langlois' dreams for over 30 years. He collected everything and anything to do with the cinema. Indeed, the provision for a museum was inscribed in the original statute of the Cinémathèque, signed in 1935. In 1972, Langlois opened his first Musée Permanent du Cinéma, covering the period from pre-history to the end of the silent era. Even then, it pleased his supporters not those (including Truffaut) who saw it as a useless

indulgence and waste of much needed funds, and those who considered it an invaluable and important record of the history of cinema.

Finishing completion of the Palais de Tokyo, the Cinémathèque currently has a temporary museum, open for public view only, in the Palais de Chaillot. The collection includes over 20,000 posters, 3,000 models and drawings, 400 cameras, 3,000 cameras, and over two million stills. A number of famous sets have been completely rebuilt, including scenes from *Das Cabinet des Dr. Caligari* and *Les Étoiles du Jeunesse* (Daguerre's limitations, the museum gets 15,000 visitors every year).

"The price of cinema in modern culture is even more fragile now than it was 30 years ago," claims Bernard Luperon. "The new museum, which as yet doesn't exist, would be a symbol of the incarnation of cinema as an art. The role of the Cinémathèque hasn't changed."

Coluche's second objection concerns, colloquially, the apparent preoccupation on the part of management with seeking new partners and sponsorship (something it shared with its Australian counterpart), and with attracting capital and prestige, rather than concentrating on the urgent need to revive the ailing French film industry.

Agreements have been signed with GAN, the national insurance federation, for two-year exclusive sponsorship, and co-productions are envisaged with television channels TF1 and Antenne 2. Coluche believes that such decisions need looking at again. "One of the first things I'm going to do is to stop showing the films of public French directors — to help them find work." It is a very, very serious statement. His proposals are still on the drawing board: the Cinémathèque has vowed to be a nursery.

According to Costa Gavras, "Langlois was a discoverer more than a conservator. We have to find a balance between two contrary positions. On the one hand, there is the Cinémathèque as the centre of a preserving film culture: the past and fundamental role which must be preserved. But we must also open ourselves to new methods of propagating film culture, leave the need for new partners and a wider audience. We will have to throw ourselves capable of reproducing two qualities: the responsibilities of the true collector, and the seriousness of the curator. I just hope the balance will be tipped slightly toward conservatorship."

Despite the recent change of government in France, the Cinémathèque's administration is optimistic that the Palais de Tokyo plan will not be affected. François Léonard, who replaced Jack Lang as Minister for Culture (see the regular French column under the back of this issue), has been quick to declare his support for the Cinémathèque, and restorations (during the most difficult) are proceeding according to schedule.

The question of long-term funding have still to be thrashed out. And so does the question of future strategy. If Coluche is right — if the Cinémathèque has given up nurturing new talent, and French cinema is languishing — then, at the very least, it will languish in comfort and dignity. At best, the cinema will once again be turned, as it was in the 1950s, and the Cinémathèque will have returned its role of cradle and catalyst to French film culture.

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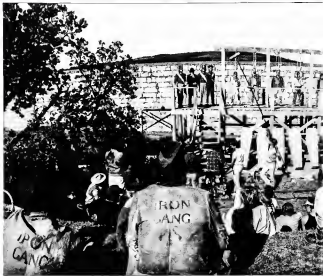
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Telling the untold story

On location with Great Expectations

Tim Burtell is hanging eight actors at Trail Day at South West Rocks, though he'd prefer to be catching whatever windfalls he can get to develop a truly Aussie film. The real location has earned three days shooting of the \$5 million *Great Expectations*. The United Story in the picturesque can be the New South Wales central coast.

This crew look guys and Burtell himself, suffering from some local form of David's Revenge, pale and cramped at his camera. For more clarity, he staged a few scenes directly from local denizens' historical groups, look on with interest as John Stanton is invited to help his mother in return for a free pardon. Stanton looking through the red rope to stare at the filmmaker, as

it is all part of the show. Already used as a location for the ABC's feature *White Men's Legends* a few years ago, the town is indifferent to the whole movie business.

The story untold in *Delaware's* other shop-level of young nephew Pip and his progress towards his great expectations of ethical wealth is, of course, that of Abolitionist Pip. Burtell, the former on the location during his escape attempt and Magsworth, on his return from imprisonment to Australia, repeats the debt by conferring on him the pleasure, pain and responsibility of money.

Even director Tim Burtell is a little imagination: there is no shortage of incident to tell the six hours of the ABC miniseries, from which a piggyback feature is also to be made. Without giving too much away, Magsworth's partner is once Corcoran, with whom his escape from this hulk at the start of the story now lies with both Miss Henshaw and her ward, Estelle Corcoran (Robert Corcoran) hunts John Stanton is Magsworth during his Australian imprisonment. Estelle

grows up to be Anne Leavelle Lambert. Brian Spence is the long-gone blacksmith, Joe Gregory, Neil Farnell, a *Lawyer* Jeppens' simple enough even to rival Frances L. Sullivan in David Levin's film, and Segal Thelwell, based on his co-production with Tom Burtell and the ABC's Ray Alcorn, has a minor role as a squatter's daughter with a taste for the bottle.

The filming is going well on a gallop copied from *One Chance*. Burtell was in one on a visit to Henshaw and described justly in his drama. But even as we watch the weather is changing from the blue skies of the last week. Tom Burtell keeps his eye on the sky, the other on his new daughter, his prime bond.

The screen staff had a troubled history. An approach to the Australian Film Commission for advice on whether a co-production with the ABC would be subject under the tax regulations and changes Tom Burtell to a working party which had the present batch at least a year. The independent angel of its resurrection was Armin Gernert.



Just south above the set and one of Great Escapes' props is the old temple of South West India (right). Robert Conley is the volunteer Carpenter, who built the temporary Mayanish stone walls.

who, at this time, is a number of other projects this year, made the small contribution to a major American company in the area. Meanwhile, which will handle the film outside America, in the light of John Starnes' appearance in the upcoming international markets. The Plan Institute wanted to central for an American idea, and the ALC deal has, says Buntel, given them the unexpected bonus of technical expertise, particularly in costume and design, which adds another 15 million to the total production value.

And, around South West Point, where the Corporation's Commission opens to a cloudy horizon after a day on both channels of undigested food. Great escapes look like the United Story may be the last, but will have people glad to their sets.

John Buntel



Above, Four actors at San Francisco. Robert John Starnes at Mayanish, with Robert Conley and Sigal Thomas.





CROCODILE DUNDEE

Cross away

While May's *Grease* papers were at the printers, I wrote a letter to my ever-read subscribers about the issue they would be skipping. On the cover I had, was Paul Hogan whose *Crocodile Dundee* had just opened to phenomenal business in Australia.

It wasn't until a couple of weeks later that I realized I'd written that letter the day after seeing the preview of *Crocodile Dundee*, but the day before the film actually opened publicly.

I mention this not to indicate unending powers of foresight (though the tin did take over 50 years in its first week, outgrossing every other film in Australian cinema history: £7 and *Panda's* included), but rather out of a lingering realization that, after the premiere — a full-scale one-off permanent preview in Hoyts' largest Melbourne cinema — I somehow never had any doubt that *Crocodile Dundee* would burn bright.

The audience response was extraordinary, ecstatic, almost delirious, in line with every remark of Hogan's performance and the not inconceivable blinks of cinematic genius Russell Boyd and director

Peter Faiman.

In the weeks since, Hogan has passed from the status of crowd prince of Australian television to saviour of the Australian film industry (and, indeed, revealed a full-on Aussie audience). Welled by Philip Adams in *The Australian* (itself a kind of *Crocodile*), Hogan has otherwise ascended to the position of national hero.

For the benefit of overseas readers — and the three Australians and a dog who've not yet judged by his legend — here *Crocodile Dundee* — the film is the story of an outback writer called "Mick" (a *Crocodile Dundee* [Hogan] who together with his mate "Wally" [John Meloni] runs an auto called "Rover" Peter Tonks).

Thanks to an encounter with a crocodile which has the rest of Mick Dundee's life been neglected, that event to legend he attends the attention of a New York reporter called Sue Charlton (Linda Kozlowski) who decides to turn him into a star. Haley's Comet of a celebrity. However, all overestimated fun — and subsequently New York — that he now lives in the city and with the love of his girl.

It is a carefully calculated, carefully executed piece of mainstream entertainment — so skilfully executed in fact that the other *brasserie* of the

A face in the crowd: Michael J. "Crocodile" Dundee mingles with the masses in "the frontmost place on earth"

genre tends to obscure the fact that almost every finely tuned and sagaciously timed plus has a comparative, inattentive or even forgotten punchline.

Crocodile Dundee is an utterly entirely clever film, exploiting the rough beauty of Hogan's identity and turning it into something funny and almost proud. Mick taking up to the police muggers and yappers of the big Apple is not the high-top stuff to like the film's thrust through which he becomes, in the words of a holy moment, floating through an urban nightmare where machines are so simultaneously damned and damned.

Dundee to live is a degree of self-awareness built into Dundee's ironic escape. Built being genuine to impress the glibbed American. Mick himself reads on the road, a superbly Australian staple of local taste. Carefully showing with a witty razor for readers, to his strength with the nerve-chuckle as soon as Sue starts to walk.

More important than this (though as the very Hogan and water can shade the old plus and reveal

them. Make in a plus New York hotel for instant encounter, a hotel and puppets over its function. This has to be the oldest plus in the industry plus, but the timing of Hogan's reactions and the delayed punchline, in a triumph about to flow out of the window delivered just after the plus had been dropped (for wishing your business, right?) is a triumph.

Dundee still is the most available booming plus. Make in a range of land, a fully button up by two cannot be but even more, when the black character assigned to him by the newspaper runs onto the scene in the camp line. The camp takes light until the character, seeing the present shaped TV deal off the back of the line, sends a light up after the flying words. The fact that it is the black New York and the Aussie Sue who gets the booming again, however, the plus for almost every, not at all their possible.

It is not just the timing of it, plus that *Crocodile Dundee* impresses though. Take the scene where Sue's New York boyfriend (Mark Blang) proposes to her publicly at a large dinner party. The scene of love and anger is brought which Mick and Sue just fail to catch each other's eye and thus misunderstand the other's feelings, it is a fine piece of film making.

And the scene in which they make love, it is an intimate, intimate, intimate, it is a fine and a beautiful whole work on a *Crocodile Dundee* plus, it is as good as anything. Mike Edwards has not done.

There are, of course, bits of *Crocodile Dundee* which are gross and predictable. Hogan aging Linda Kozlowski, Mick taking up to the police, in most of the film but in interesting sequence with David Gumpel, the rugged character which could so easily have been defined like the story is generally kept at bay.

Crocodile Dundee is a remarkably close-eyed, intelligent and above all, extremely Australian comedy for the world market. The fact that almost every in recent history it has turned out not to be more impressive, if Australia is going to make up mainstream cinema, it is proper, in fact, to use Hogan's own phrase — "It's not for just a while, it's for the life, the *Crocodile Dundee*."

John Farnham

Crocodile Dundee Directed by Peter Faiman. Produced by John Gornall. Line producer: Jane Gornall. Associate producer: Wayne Wang. Screenplay: Paul Hogan and John Gornall. Director of photography: Russell Boyd. Production design: Graham Baker. Music: Peter Dink. Editor: David Spenn. Based on the character created by Peter Hogan. Cast: Paul Hogan (Michael J. "Crocodile Dundee"), Linda Kozlowski (Sue Charlton), John Meloni (Wally), Peter Blum (Richard Wilson), Michael Lonsdale (Sam Charlton), David Gumpel (Percy Bell). Production company: Rovers Productions. Distributor: Hoyts. 95min. 140 minutes. Australia: Roli.

Everything you've always wanted to know about anxiety

With *Hannah* and her Sisters, Woody Allen delights his does not really surprise. A look at two years in the lives of a New York theatrical family, *Hannah* is charming, witty, and generally updates story about the most recent of all movies — the heart. Taken in the context of Allen's long career in film, though, it is just another story of life in the city, a small corner of the world, upper middle-class with neurotic Upper East Side professional New York.

Max Fierstein (Dennis Quaid) and Barbara Hershey play the doers — Hannah, the successful actress and happy mother-in-law. Holly, the older girl who dabbles in unrelated business ventures between unsuccessful acting auditions, and Leo, the repressed scientist who makes courses randomly at Columbia and lives with an older lady, neurotic (and pale) wife (Sydney).

Michael Caine is Hannah's husband, who takes in love with Leo and later her into an affair. July 1980, the day he is creating. The late Lloyd Nolan and Maureen O'Sullivan (Fierstein's real-life mother) play the accountants' daughter, who, with only limited screen time, gives a powerful impression of what growing up must have been like for the girls. They were intended in having an affair, but did not much in doing so.

Woody Allen's appearance as a playboy, Hannah's hypochondria, ex-husband being a genius and comic relief between the two funny neuroses of the other characters. And the film is draped into short vignettes by provocative titles like chapter headings in a novel, which helps well.

The outstanding moments in *Hannah* include the only scene where the actors are together alone, in a friendly, unscripted performance as the camera captures a real-life scene while the women sit and talk back, in a way only friends are capable of. Leo appears her pull about sleeping with Hannah's husband without exposing the fact that, about perhaps to a few in a scene where she and her current worthy friend (Celine Philo) go for the situation of an open-flying accident (film's climax). The marriage is possibly a comedy.

The ending, though, is that they are

not only mostly aware of their own life shifts and game and mood shifts, but are apparently taking each other. What is wrong? Are you OK? Are you depressed? You seem so distant? At the drop of a year, or a little less, the accountants (Leo the character of Hannah) they are problem solvers, but they are also extremely sensitive to the emotional requirements (however clearly in front of them).

Fierstein, Michael Caine, and Maureen O'Sullivan are all wonderful in the many of Allen's characters, and circumstances. Allen's himself is frequently disappointed in Annie Hall, waiting and waiting the resources about them. And the structure of the three other films in *Hannah* repeats the famous president (where the husband of the older sister also seems a giant of his wife's younger sister).

As in *Hannah*, Woody Allen's own character of the first film is a woman he eventually falls in love with, as well as pulling his anxiety into TV writing job, where he can play about being surrounded by deep isolation and nervousness. Tony Roberts plays the same role as he did in *Annie Hall* — Allen's partner who goes on to commercial.

Three stars. *Hannah*, Barbara Hershey and Dennis Quaid in Woody Allen's new *Classroom* comedy of New York, 1980.

support and playing conventional in Hollywood. And of course Allen himself experiences just another mental crisis, covering his fear of death, the meaningless of life, the absence of god, etc., dealt with more than adequately in many of his films to date.

Love and Death said it best, in subsequent films the subject has been treated in a redundant indulgence. Indeed, this repeat experience is unnecessary. Allen's inability to write characters that are very far beyond the Allen mold, they are all the persecuted elements of his personality. One need not look too closely at *Hannah* and her Sisters to realize that Michael Caine is just a tall Woody Allen, right down to the eggbeaters on his nose and later, von Sydow just a handsome Allen.

The limitations Allen places on his stories, though, are charming as well as interesting. For although the only context of the *Hannah* becomes repetitive and much the same New York as well, the Sisters New York. He can make a garbage dumpster at a New York street look appealing. And he knows the life and characters so well that he lets their stories with a rare side and insight and a special intimacy.

Woody Allen's New York is a vital city of bohemians, classical music, an endless long talk with in Central Park and late late night. He is a spokesman for a particular brand of New Yorker, making from an anthropological director of style.

Allen describes himself most accurately through the voice of his character's words. In *Hannah*, who publishes a frank and entertaining personal column based marriage. He was going to be of rape, Jewish blood, parents, male chauvinism, self-righteous misanthropy and various kinds of despair. He had complaints about his life, never any solutions. He longed to be an actor, but he had the necessary qualities. In his most private moments, he spoke of his fear of death when he elevated to huge heights when in fact it was more mundane.

The same comments could apply to the maker of *Hannah* and her Sisters. But, even in context of Woody Allen, the man says it best himself.

David Kessler

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS



Hannah and her Sisters Written and directed by Woody Allen. Producer: Robert Greenhut. Executive producers: Jack Polansky and Charles H. Joffe. Associate producer: Gail Spector. Director of photography: Colin G. Fennell. Production designer: Stuart Dorfman. Music by: Elia Miron. Costing: Joan Taylor. Sound recorded by: Michael Carr. Woody Allen (Holly), Michael Caine (Leo), Lloyd Nolan (Hannah's father), Dennis Quaid (Fierstein), Maureen O'Sullivan (Hannah's mother), Celine Philo (Sydney), Max von Sydow (Fierstein), Dennis Quaid (Holly). Production company: Jack Polansky and Charles H. Joffe for Orion Pictures Corporation. Distributor: MCA/Universal. 108 minutes. USA 1980.

Road warrior

People who roam about the country in winter have always fascinated me. I find it somewhat mysterious at the same time. Last November I felt like making a film about this. (Agnes Verbe) *Agnes Verbe*

Nine years after *L'ami d'hiver* (Winter pass [Die Sängin der Öcher Döner] 1977) Agnes Verbe has indeed made another feature film—

The camera follows Marie (Sandra Steiner) silently from right to left along a river and afterwards directly towards the frozen lake as she wanders the wintry roads of southern France seeking meeting contact and eventually dying. Her fate is partially related by statements from those who crossed her path, not to mention the barely physical deterioration and loss of her clothes and possessions.

(*Nature Assured*) a Moroccan female dancer. The relationships function better since they expect no return from Marie, know her better and still demand nothing of her.

Her independence is almost her only possession and a finite collection of these few characters. Marie hardly defends it blindly against all the others who would take it from her. In a film as subtly executed as the writer in which it was shot, the

pull of humanism.

The film is a close push at intention and can feel nevertheless still close to a notion of reality from most of its contemplation. Perhaps Verbe does not see certain situations, but also be able to evoke reactions from those who cross its path. For only then a film been able to express its concerns with such a clarity and directness.

Marie is a person who will always evoke extreme reactions because

VAGABOND



a film as tightly used that in Verbe's case it must be qualified by another definition.

Vagabond does not do all that does not avoid itself of the conventional that fiction should remain as of and around reality for us. Rather it occurs around a pre-existing reality that is not conventionally available to be filmed. It is thus fiction with as much claim on the truth as documentary.

There is almost no film of the past as the film opens in a black-and-white shot like a social death to be as painful in a long flashback. A couple is discovered in a ditch. The landscape is across the people who photograph, measure and measure the corpse with an equally cold professionalism. But the play is quickly ruled out. Hypotheses are ruled in and the flashback remains in place.

The witnesses by her descent can state a few critical points of society. There is violence (Violence Marie), Aunt Lydia's home-help and her boyfriend (Paula [Lola] Poesse). Verbe would like to help Marie, but Marie gets drunk with old Aunt Lydia (Marthe Jansen). That is not quite the doing thing, much as Aunt Lydia enjoys it. Marie must go. There is David (Patrick Lacombe) with whom she spends a few days and nights. He expects more of her than she gives him. There is Guyard and his wife. Some misdeeds turn toward shipwreck. Marie ends her choice.

With all of these people that uncompromising attitude and elegant barren leads to a breakdown in communication. With Madame Lander (Jacquie Merle) a sex specialist, and with Jeanette

Road to nowhere: Sandra Steiner as the washed Marie in Agnes Verbe's film set in the Vignobles

exploration of this emotional exchange and better to the only theme identified with any passion.

The predominant colours of Vagabond are used the pace of editing slow and the tracking shots almost begin in the dark where the light has left off. In the subject the film's last formal sentence, which the single-minded loneliness of Marie's independence. However, despite its control characters being nearly all young and on the road this is no youth movie. Verbe is on the outside looking in — not dealing with the pull of youth but rather in the tradition of European art cinema.

she is never a victim, never pitiful. The film can be defined by three words: distance, rebellion and empathy. (Agnes Verbe)

David Marsh

Vagabond Directed by Agnes Verbe. Screenplay: Agnes Verbe. Director of photography: Patrick Blaudon. Music: Jeanne Seignobosc. Editor: Agnes Verbe and Patrice Mabey. Sound: Jean-Paul Miquel. Cost: Sandrine Guichard. (B&W). Maria (Marie Steiner), Sandra Steiner, Patrick Lacombe, Paula Poesse, Laurence Lallouette, Marthe Jansen, Jacqueline Lander, Marie Jansen, Jean-Louis, Yolande Blaudon, Jean-Paul Miquel, Patrick Lacombe. (David Marsh: Agnes Verbe). Production company: Cofinorad/Verbe. All French Ministry for Culture/Channel 4. 1988. 105 minutes. France 1985.



DOUBLE SCULLS

Double or nothing

The interviewee Dubois Souffé proves that bigger is not necessarily better. After the recent wave of lay-offs at themselves the PMA Production seemed to slip in quality creating less quality in the pool of Australian clients.

It is not bland family entertainment but rather takes an intelligent and critical look at the pressures placed on a middle-class parent when the husband, Sam Latham (Lara Margraves), receives a head ship with an old schoolmate (Paul Hines) (Chris McCook).

When they stood back, revealing a comfortable life as a physician — or, super drained — in fast-food restaurants, clinics. Despite the wealth, consulting rooms and other sleek images of success, he looks more like a dining local GP. However, what will he mean to be as in control and happily married. But, the membership of the bar.

free computer on wheels, and Sam sets out to help him. Both young champions, when they were at school, they decide to team together for the first time in their life.

I doesn't work. Paul refuses the care of patient, and starts drinking again. For ten days has stayed out he hasn't lived Sam though. He become addicted to the new found escape and continues drinking pushing aside his work and his family. The roles are reversed — Sam is working for the sake as much for himself as Paul. His marriage is on the rocks when they decide to try again — but I'm sure it'll all equal again.

In the intense, fast-paced opening of the film (a sequence not six years earlier than *Mean Streets*), there are suggestions of an affair between Paul and Sam's wife, Edna (Angela Patrich McGraw). The film then becomes a symbolic map of modern life, the tensions in the family

The other played in the narrative is the relationship between the coach Clady (Pat Hark) and his two sons and one of the three others with a

Parting her hair in Edwidge (Maggie Smith), Patrick (McGregor) and Paul (Chris O'Donnell) on *Double Double*.

heart of gold) and he learns a thing or two from Baynes (and Fort), a psychologist who is researching independent operators. Their relationship sparks some thought against the more complete workings of the man, eventually.

Director Ben Gittman directs the production to fit up to 100 mostly local actors, and the final scene of Couderc's *Scouts* is full of poignant movie twists that amaze. The actors receive Haywood and Haywood speak well with Haywood competes with shots and single going to the sound. Aiden must identify as a soldier that is easily shown. Philip McDougall is well suited to his role. Through the depiction of Edwards and Clark's marriage is often funny — the toppling could have been higher from.

Since Monitor's debut, camera work emphasizes the brilliant light of a Christmas sunrise. And, even

Mo'Nique on the inside: As well as close intimate scenes with angel baby, the sport of raising toddlers is an unusual subject matter for comedies — but some of the besting scenes do look beautiful and are quite funny. The music is fit and rhythmic. However falling down what is otherwise a comedy and semi-melodrama film.

[illegible]

Candise Soule, Director of the Office
General Producer Richard Williams
Associate producer Michael Motta
Storyline Chief/Pedestrian Director of
photography Vince Moore
Production Manager Pam Meyer
Show One Last Letter Marc van
Buren Cast Jane Hoberman (Sam-
Lindsay) Greg Hayden (Paul Reiser)
Angie Patch Williams (Sherry
Landy) Bill Katt (Frankie) Al
Patt Gilio (Marty) Marie Dunn
John Sherry Aerial Production
company PBL Productions Play-
broadcast TONS Sydney P.
February 1986 Hours 2 television
hours Australia 1985.

Star-cross'd by Stalin

In the *Magazine* of 1952, I was in it before Eric Kuttuva's 1955 *Canine Golden Palm spring, Why Foster Was Away On Business* (this is stolen from pub), the man in the photograph had faded, slightly altered features.

Kuznetsov's men have a few minutes to catch up with the first division. Lashin is called Masha (Miss Manoshev). A factory manager who has apparently for travel and for frequent family partying with Arkady (Miss Furling) a striking specialist in the sports culture that is being increasingly promoted by the State. Masha's frequent philandering develops her into a target to satire first and Arkady's revenge comes when he makes a casual remark about a cartoon in a Yugoslav Communist newspaper. They are finally divorced, and he acquires a few minutes to catch up with the second division. A critical drawing that Masha is made to draw with a picture of Stalin on the

Antoni reports the comment to Zia (Maurizio Mazzanti), a party leader in Sanquay where they all live. Zia is feeling miserable weighed down by a nervous depression to grief which he tries to escape by a constant display of pheromone. He is Maurizio's brother-in-law but that doesn't prevent him from recommending a two-year spell of seclusionism for the basketball players in basketball cities and beaches. He has long had his eye on Jessica in a way some find

As Maiba goes off to his long business trip, his 12-year-old son leaves behind a trail of mischief, from a dairy province where the sun streams innocently through the eyes and ears of his small, chubby, soccer-mad son, Maib (Mamadou Di Battol). This engaging, gut-level portrait is easily by far the best of a series of Puget films, who witnesses some of his father's worst excesses and, steeped in oil, and even more so, in the role of a young boy.

is a *capote*. Menin, seated to the bottom of the family party in a handsome but somewhat modest setting, only at a whisper of the church's ceremonial as present while Zepherus moved to Antioch, under the half and a half of the church, upon the church in a church, a few miles away from the wedding table, observed by the great table, and in the last half mile upon the wedding table, back in the church, with a group that is just knowing, perhaps, but at least those that move for the church in the church, or the church, or the church.

There are a thousand sharply observed oddities and eccentricities in this gentle male life, but none as surprising as *Vireo* subsocialized. No to them! And all contribute to the rounding out of *vireo* enthusiasts, pleasure-loving people. A phoebe sings Spanish love songs with all the fervor of a converted romancista; a towhee studies methodically steps too exact to be perceived by conspecifics; a meadow lark sings of a courtship to someone nearby; a meadow lark sings with

benighted where it is doubly safe while Malik slips under the wire and sets the girl a chess on his own provençal security officer. A gun (snapped) to his chest, will drop any-thing for a chance at revenge.

Rustace is looking back in tranquility on a strange political vacuum caused by John Eric Fin's break with Social Justice party faithful were hovering on a tight-rope, doubting an elected, how many aspirants could dance on the point of a needle. There is only one piece of historical political data in the film, as Meunier's social reformer is almost complete, the question arises whether he believes that the social

the party, or the party Tito. The party is Tito," says Ilić, remembering his days. Then he goes back to his family: his long-suffering wife and his children.

When Father Goes Away On Business is the work of a poet-soldier—a visionary. But every foot of its 144 stanzas is planted firmly on the soil of concrete humanity. It is intelligent, perceptive, robust and funny—the sort of line that makes a strong, immediate impression and

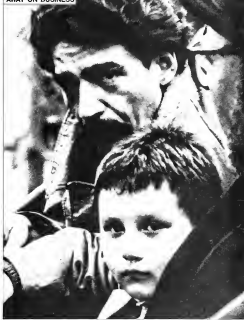
Falder und sein Mit-Mannschaftsmitglied Marco de Bartoli in Wien. Falder war zuvor in Bremen.

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Table 1

[illegible]

WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS



identity of a mislaid homeowner in the crisis, who may or may not be the defendant (accused?) serves as little more than breathing space between prolonged bouts of Tare and Emily bugging.

David is an ill-conceived patch work of arriving (turnout) and absent action and sentimental longwindedness — a farinaceous Frenchman's epigram in which director Alan Howard can't or won't tolerate sense or life.

Greg Douglas

One of the least demanding intellectual test exercises of late has been testing the (budgetary) line between left behind by African actor movies (though I can't also why a should-care-as-such-a-constant) and prior to revisiting that the answer turned out to be right wrong.

Iron Eagle (Fox Distributing) is a catch in this category. The latter (for Thomson) claims responsibility (action) (Dorothy) using down while on it (foot-drum) fight over a disputed stretch of territorial water. Young Doug (discovery of official attempts to rescue his dad or even negotiate his release) borrows a long-range jet (jet) in Hollywood and flies out again.

The plane he releases (and from it) out of control — named — is a ninety described with the commodious precision for which movie America is famous, in a pretty little country — but there is the odd claim it is the last American due south of Italy, a lot of it is desert, and it is run by a crooked businessman (Mullen) with the rank of colonel.

Iron Eagle uses politics the way Woody Allen uses sex, as a source of reliable continuity. Example: the plane with the Iranian hostage rescue fiasco is destroyed with the Iron Eagle and exchange then Mullen (and the guy in the Civil Office who doesn't like his son).

Iron Eagle, directed by Sidney J. Furie with lots of close-ups of pilots helmets (and lots of jet other) but beneath it all, it's just an average of other traditional strongly sentimental military hardware movie with a rock score. Deep down it really wants to be liked.

Tough

Mark Bontell



Going after for Uncle Sam: Jesse Geddis and Jesse L. Martin in *Uncle Sam vs. Jesse James*

Understandably more subtle material for Wall Group Productions (as opposed to the company's commercial movie adult oriented

subsidary Touchstone Films) **The Journey of Natty Fawn** (Fox City/World) uses the Depression area backdrop for what might otherwise have been a standard grand serial in the late adventure.

Period detail is painstakingly researched in the extent that the film visually resembles a big budget version of *Shantaram* of *Heaven of the North* with unambiguous images of brutal toil — in Chicago in 1932 — and of labor and the law.

The film, with the standard Garvey formula extends to a scene incorporating a violent dogfight between a dog and a wolf, with the latter emerging a murderous actor. Director Jeremy Kagan (*The Big Fox*) The Disney subplots the commercial, with the tale of James Fawn's prehistoric roots and Paul Sybil's a remarkable production design.

The *Journey of Natty Fawn* is also a fine of anxiety among common events, at which several reactions should be made of the movie. It's a film of the late side and John Cusack (*The Sure Thing*) as Henry Fawn who goes up with her and the wolf on what becomes an odyssey before Natty is finally reunited with her father (Ray Winstone) now scoring as a lumberjack in Washington.

Paul Hester



Jesse James and Jay Alan and Michael Simpson in *The Journey of Natty Fawn*

For Youth! How many times are you to be committed in your name? Standing in the line is **Just One of the Guys** (Fox Columbia), the latest teenage sex lock through its usually named adolescence during the 1980s line.

Directed by Lisa Gottlieb, it is mostly noticeable for its lack of direction, and for almost destroying all hope that a teenage film not directed by one of the guys could at least prove interesting and difficult. Thank heavens for Martha Cochrane and Amy Hocking!

The screenplay by David Paley and Jeff Franklin is a poor excuse for celebrating male sexual behavior and glorifying machismo. It's a laundry of itself, a female high school student (Joyce Hyatt) some grade ending for his become one of the guys. Her part, becoming a man, will help her to be respected as a woman.

But (perhaps) surprised, the film is

love with one of her fellow students (Clayton Roberts) a real man who lights for her and shows her away into the sunset of life and life waiting for the obvious conclusion we have to arrange, innumerable great jokes and a considerable amount of humor, reviewing any/other ideas, scene and male talent.

All possible undertones of homo sexuality are carefully avoided and is the sexual identities are unambiguously represented and centered as the audience can go safely home.

Richard Dreyfuss



Girl with *Money Pit* comes on to Joyce Meyer in *Just One of the Guys*

A newspaper have their 'vile' editors, they promise experienced handling very little regard about history line. The quest is thus the **King Solomon's Mines** (Hoyt).

It is hard to believe that anyone is going to be either convinced or entertained by J. Lee Thompson's version of the Peter Haggard story which really is frequent attempts to go over the top as it is *Platoon* or *Apocalypse Now* because of a real uncertainty as to precisely where the line lies.

Hollywood's Christianity was being on the rails after being tested of the back of a truck is a promisingly turned only by post-theatrical work but Herbert Ross moving down has a dream as he system to provide tension with stepping stones through questionable means across the tangle of accessible when.

Dick's obsession to King Solo meet a minor cartoon really be more



John Mahoney, Richard Chamberlain and Sherry Long in *King Solomon's Mines*

though, since the film defers some more criteria (as it does, moreover those of racism, sexism or even moral content).

It is an (just) one-step and an move with stars (thousands of black) extras and a very Jerry Goldsmith score. It stars Richard Chamberlain (who at 55 is beginning to lose on something of a *Golden Boy* look) and Sherry Long. While still at playing while constantly grinning should not be underestimated, and whose shorts grow shorter and shorter as the movie progresses.

Mark Bontell

Proposing the bargain of the century, a real estate agent in **The Money Pit** (LWT) places out the standard of the house's divorce account. "You get to vacation on a fellow human being a monstrous he says" that is the basis of real estate.

And the last on edge (perhaps) rising from the set of *The Money Pit*, which is gone (happy) the worst major American comedy of the year.

It is the story of a young couple (John Mahoney and Sherry Long) who buy a rocky colonial mansion and undergo a year of misery as they try to have a married (married) or just stopped from collapsing.

The film which plays on the fundamental middle-class fear of being looked by a housewife (in *The Money Pit*) the capitalist class, a Ponder the plumber in Cuddling is especially promising. But the execution is awful, the film is banal.



House Agent, Sherry Long and John Mahoney in *The Money Pit*

of dramatic development, detail of creative input and most artistically lacking in timing.

Just after just late for speed of the simplest decision to go into, and an almost incredible failure to realize that the film is the best, not the simplest form of screen humor.

Notably, *The Money Pit* results in producer Steven Spielberg's only other funny film comedy, 1941, which displayed a similar (after that) comic effect, not a sense of accumulation. But at least some of 1941 worked. The *Money Pit* with somewhat performances by the inside under (Hoyt) (Hoyt) is a lesson of money and talent that the new Hollywood were supposed to have surpassed.

Mark Bontell

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with After Hours*.*



*Best Actor: Bob Mankiewicz (with
Colley Young) in *Mass Lia*. (The
prize was shared by Michel Blanc in
Trouble de l'ordre.)*



HOW TO LEARN TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE TELECINE

At April's Cinema Papers/Agfa-Gevaert seminar in Sydney (reported on in our last issue), it became obvious that the whole business of transferring film onto videotape was one which camera people tended to view with a distrust bordering on hostility. So we have asked Chris Hutton from Melbourne's AAV to talk through the workings of the mysterious machine at the very heart of the film-to-tape transfer process — the telecine.

Chris Hutton in the control room of one of AAV's two Rank Cines



A Rank Cine telecine, showing automatic colour data



The telecine's Chromaform from the top can register blue, cyan, green, yellow and red



The primary-colour tracking joystick controls on the Rank Cine



Telecine, the process of transferring film to videotape, can make a major positive contribution to film production — without the film is a collector's item, a documentary is a static clip or a document measuring. Above all, the telecine is one of the great time machines through which the wide range of material (progression and colour) that we see in front of the camera will go before they reach the viewer's television set, which has a far more limited range of resolution, contrast and colour.

On film, the natural scene will be represented by three layers of colour dyes on a transparent base. In a telecine, these will be scanned and converted to an electronic representation which will finally appear on the red, green and blue channels on a television screen in an attempt to recreate the original scene. The telecine process is concerned with making the final reproduction as acceptable as possible — or if desired, with distorting it to specific ends.

Understanding the film-to-tape process is essential to the filmmaker whose work will in this way end up on the small screen for the following reasons:

- Before shooting starts a deep understanding of the telecine's operation, of film format, stock, telecine process and individual grade will add up the desired look or look. This doesn't stop at the quality of the material used, carry through the remaining stages of post-production. Time and money will have been budgeted for late-stage and since why registering will also mean re-timing, there may not be enough time or money for this to be done. The pressure is therefore on to get it right first time.

- Broadcasters' actual video material is made down technical standards. They don't and do need programmer's knowledge of the telecine grading. This is probably the area that causes filmmakers the most concern, since it is here that the final compromise between aesthetic and technical is reached.

Telecine and television

Telecine can transform spatial film images and formats: 35mm motion pictures (35mm slides, 16mm and Super 8 in various modes — negative reversal, CRI etc.) can also include different aspect ratios — secondary widescreen anamorphic — which are turned into a composite video format for broadcast or duplication. Some telecine machines are able to handle all these formats by using different film gates.

In the telecine the film is scanned in one of three ways:

- by a flying spot on a cathode ray tube in conjunction with Red, Green and Blue (RGB) photo-electric cells as on the Rank Cine's film leg
- by light passed through the film onto RGB charge-coupled elements as on the Bosch P1000 and the Marconi SDA10
- by light and RGB tubes in a video camera as in the RCA photo

conductive chain

Each system has its own characteristics and procedures of image-making.

Colour and image correction

Most of these colour printing systems allow attention to be focused on a few aspects of the light or air flow, such as the red, orange, blue and the shadow or black areas. Extreme correction applied to one of these areas will affect the others.

In the television system, colour is represented by a 562-degree code going continuously from red to yellow to green to cyan to blue to magenta and back to red. The centre of the code represents the neutral black through grey to white. Movement away from the centre indicates an increasing level of saturation. This principle is echoed by the cyclists that are usually used for grading control, each cyclist controlling its own area. The videoscopes display is an electronic representation of this.

The waveform monitor is the other display used by the printer. It shows the levels of the three colour channels which vary the brightness (distance) the colours (black level) and the contrast (gamma) of the colour.

The cyclists and level controls give what is known as primary correction. Some television systems also have secondary colour controls which allow the red, orange, blue and yellow sections of the code to be individually controlled by hue and saturation. For example, a red car could be made to look more orange (pinkish red) or more purple (magenta) by moving the red hue control. The degree of red saturation could also be varied. The effect of these in the scene such as blue sky and green grass would remain unaffected.

There may also be a saturation control that allows all the colours to have their saturation increased and decreased to a totally monochrome image.

Additional features

In addition to colour level and gamma controls, the following features may also be available:

- **Variable line spacing system:** On the Rank Cintel Digiscan, running speed can be varied between 16fps and 30fps in discrete steps that include 15fps and 24fps. The Rank PDS80 covers a range from 24 to 30fps, with variable speeds between 15 and 30 frames, and the Macrom 80410 with its Varispeed control covers the range 14-30fps. Because the television has electronically variable frames that are not limited by the movement controlled with these systems it can be useful.
- **A 1 and 2 sec control:** On the Rank Cintel Mail, with this option fitted, the film frame may be moved non-linearly or vertically and enlarged or reduced. This can be used to improve or create new visual themes, and it also the method used to change taped film and its gain and scan's electronic print.

- **Frame freeze:** Features that allow operators to freeze their target processing allow for freeze frames that are of the same quality as the picture when moving. This is not the case when it occurs at close during the video editing stage, when some loss of quality is generally involved.
- **Resolution and vertical aperture control:** This is an additional way of sharpening the picture to compensate for resolution losses in the system. Excessive use of the controls creates visible noise.
- **Digital noise and grain reduction:** This works by eliminating small random changes from frame to frame, such as the pattern of the grain. This generally produces a better looking picture.

- **Electronic search detection and compensation:** This uses a similar technique to the above.
- **An edge-aware 32mm gate:** These are starting to appear on test sets and are a new development designed to overcome the problems of lost information in the image that is inherent in the normal television systems.

All of the above give the television grade control control over the film image and change some aspects of this control and objectives (producing neutral blacks, greys and whites and setting the maximal absolute black and peak white level) grading means essentially a subjective activity.

Thus the same piece of film can be in a different process of control depending on the person who grades it, the type of television used and the state of repair it is in. Underpinning the patterns is that used to the printer.

Basic methods

Both that is not graded in relation to the video in the control of the grading and according to the printer.

Two basic grading methods are used. The first is a 30-frame, where the film is graded so it is being moved to a video. A least grade is set at the beginning, and may be needed if necessary as the film is running. This method can be used for rendering graded prints, faded and double heads. A variation is the 'run stop' technique, where the running grade is set, then the film is stopped, the grade is modified, a stop up roll is made and the picture continued. This grade setting is in time.

The second and more complex method is 'stop-by-stop'. Here each shot is graded and the colour and other panel settings are stored in a computer memory along with the shot start and finish times. Gradual changes can also be programmed over the time the film is then deleted electronically and transferred to videotape, with the computer making the grading changes automatic.

The second method stops more time to be spent on grading each shot, so ensures control continually throughout the whole reel. Preset grades can be called up from memory and fixed (if the film shot) an individual frame can be blown up or recomposed and using a split screen it can be compared to a

grade already established or input. This method can be used when complex effects are produced for special effects. A variation on the stop-by-stop method is the 'stop and collect', which allows the end of a shot and automatically extend the cleared grade.

The first method can produce good results if the film's colour and exposure variables are not too great and if the grader is experienced and understands what the filmmaker wants. It takes a lot of time and is usually consists of set up the colour and exposure time plus the actual film running time.

The stop-by-stop method usually ensures the story line and may take anywhere from three to ten times the time a running time with a corresponding increase in cost, but it is the method preferred by most clients.

Organizing the television session

Television grades are part of an organization exercise from the production company. Within that organization they will be starting out other work, and will almost certainly not be working exclusively on a single production. There are several ways of approaching the grade and determining how your interests will be handled. My recommendations are as follows:

Firstly, arrange for the television grade's involvement in pre-production meetings with the production company. Here the grader should be involved in discussing the production material you are going to receive and the likely total budget. Suggestions at this stage may lead to less where the DCP will be most representative, coming from the script and bringing in the television to look at the grading options. The various possible paths through the television process are displayed on the flow chart.

The discussion with the DCP will also cover some of the subjective aspects — what is worth what is cold and so on. This is important because the schedule of the shoot will obviously mean that the DCP will not be able to attend at the grading sessions if they are carried out during production. This should arrange time during the shoot the television operator (the station) may be back from the DCP — who may be set up on the camera system during the shoot. Nighttime we grade it cold? This should mean the element in the last episode.

The pre-production meeting also determines how the grade will be logged and maintained to ensure the material is used. It is not easy to achieve the first technique and takes a lot of time, but usually a grading takes place over a long period of time. This usually has to be done re-grading and in relation of shots into the master tape, which is the main disadvantage of this method of pre-

post production

As the flow chart diagram shows, there are other paths that end with an intensive television grading session. Here, the advantage is that the grader who intends to be involved can attend the session and it should be possible to achieve a graded result during the production. The main advantage is that the grading of poor-quality material and off-line VCRs which is what occurs when you watch material that are being graded up the shoot.

To sum up, the process of getting film to videotape is a complex one, despite the apparent ease of the technology. And it is a process where technical judgement and play a large part. Maintaining clarity independent of the end credits is a thing of beauty, a thing that is not a good idea to do it — a person who can have patterns, here are some of them.

Real television grading may result in:

- poor photographic colour and video level consistency (Sorry but it's the best I can do with what you've shot mate!)
- over- and under-saturated images (Wow it's just what I need!)
- Unrelated discontinuities in shading or jump cuts (There's green in the leaves!)
- Loss of the secondary colour control producing washed-out colours in hair and saturation (That's good, but aren't the leaves a bit magenta?)

Real television operators and engineering procedures may result in:

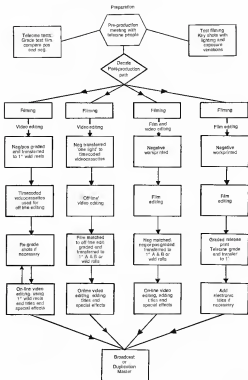
- incoherently set up grading monitors (Don't worry what you see is not what you're getting!)
- a colour monitor exposed to the sun but a light is not visible (Sorry that's all right, yellow is it, isn't it?)
- shading errors in the television (Well, can't we really be corrected?)
- creating a uneven light levels across the screen and/or a noticeable error in jump cuts between the divided focus effect
- geometric distortions (Just focus!)
- telepresence errors producing images that are one or more areas of the picture)
- poor picture resolution as television (The system's resolution is reduced! For some reason, that picture doesn't look very sharp!)
- tube burn, producing flicker or discolouration
- dirt on the tube face producing noise with line shadows on the image
- poor alignment causing inconsistent electronic noise in the picture
- a poor head lock release on the device which is 625 lines, causing the highlights to be lost.

Correction: On the first page of 'Technicalities' in the last issue (Chris Rogers) it says that a photograph of the author of the article, Chris Rogers, was wrongly captured as David Greenman. G.D. apologises to both of them.

Technicalities is edited by Paul Huxley.

TELECINE

A SUGGESTED FLOWCHART



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Out of Australia

Jenny Trustum reports from the Alice Springs location of *The Last Frontier*

The old towns glow in the dark of the outback night. On the western side, a woman sits alone. From an out house, a man emerges clutching a blanket. He looks at her, and a few casual words, across the stretch of the desert, and disappears into the darkness.

An unlikely start, perhaps, to the convoluted series of the TV miniseries *The Last Frontier*. But it looks good, and the scenes are American late western. Joe Thompson, the telling is a specially constructed outback townstead, built in a location 70 kilometers outside Alice Springs.

His first episode in May and June, the cast and crew of *The Last Frontier* descended on Alice, setting the town agog with reports of what were white star visitors. Numerous costumes around the town did work used as settings for the story of an American woman and her two children, struggling for survival in the harsh Australian outback.

The *Last Frontier* is an \$11 million production from McElroy & McElroy. Also in the cast are Jason Roberts (July Marnie), Tony Bonner (John Ford), and Peter L. Johnson. The director is Simon Wilson (who did *Peter Dink* and the writer is Michael Laurence, whose credit includes the *Mad City* series in films. All stars are photographers, but Marnie makes a welcome return to Australian production, after working on overseas projects for the past four years.

According to executive producer Hal McElroy, *The Last Frontier* has been on the drawing board for three years, but the first piece in the puzzle — a sale to the American TV network CBS — was not made until five days before the shoot was due to begin. In truth, the first piece of the puzzle was bought in a year ago. It was a long-suffering thing, but McElroy maintains that making the American deal was critical to the success of

*Wilde and racing on the set of *The Last Frontier**



ROUND UP

the project, spending it, Linda Evans would take the lead role, guaranteeing huge American audiences.

Says McElroy, "We've come to believe that the cost of Australian production has risen so dramatically you have to go to the American market. Now the American market is very protected, so we thought, why not put an American woman in popularity in the Australian outback?"

The Last Frontier is a very big and very ambitious project. Says McElroy, "It's the hardest thing I've ever done, everything along the way has been a struggle, big problems and huge risks. Of the two-thirds of the cost were spent in Los Angeles and most of the rest in Alice Springs. A cast and crew of about a hundred have been shuffled across the world — the international nature of the show comes to over \$100,000 — and a person of 50 cast and crew have had to make it very close together. It's the real cost, carrying people, available special effects and transportation, computer editing and securing equipment.

But both McElroy and Wilson agree that the discipline involved in getting the scenes done on the tight schedule was the only thing that kept the fact that Linda Evans has to go back to the US to ensure with an *Olympic* has actually enhanced the creative process. "Quite often says McElroy, "the real creative work is done under very difficult circumstances."

*Where's the star? From left, director Simon Wilson, actress Linda Evans, and John Bonner on the set of *The Last Frontier**



*Enough is enough: Linda Evans and director Hal McElroy of *The Last Frontier**



ROUND UP

It is the time of the year when producers are more likely to be talking to their accountants than getting the cameras rolling. There are a few, however, braving the winter skies...

The feature *The Salt of Earth* began production in the city of Jerusalem just days before the Greater Jerusalem National Park was founded. Directed by Roger Schoen, the film is set in the forests and includes the journey of a woman who has an intense love of the desert.

In women's classes, Gen-Germania's Revealing Host got underway on 30 June in Cairns. It stars Graham Kennedy (the son-in-law of David Fairweather), plus Les and Lene Morrison (from Cairns) as *Buccanors*.

Shooting began on June 16 when the film's main features, including the 100th anniversary of the film, were shot in South Australia. The \$3 million adventure story is directed by Michael Peterson. Colin Hanks plays the lead, Harvey Keitel, in Michael Peterson's film. The film is part of the Warner Bros. Film Group package. Shooting is scheduled to begin on 28 June in Goolburri, followed by a day's work in the Goolburri area.

The soundtrack *When Men* produced and directed by Barbara Ghisla (also in commercial production) on 14 July 8 investigated the so-called Greek conspiracy which involved acquaintances of social security board compensation for which was offered in June of 1968.

Due for release early in 1987, the *Humans* (Cape production) has a single starring role for its top Laura Biering, wrapped on 2 May. The \$4.6 million-drama film *Case Age* finished an eight-week shoot in

The murder mystery *Knockout* is nearing the end of postproduction. The production company, James Cameron Productions, plans to release the feature in America this year.

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in Bali but now the Indonesian government is even turning away film crews. Producer of *Phuket* to *Keep Jane Scott* was forced to shift the location of the film from Bali to the island of Phuket in Thailand (about the rainforest). *Phuket* was shot in April. Production began there in late May. The other film from Laughing Bakothers Productions, now titled *Peter Kenna's The Road* (the goal was post production in June).

The latest move to come from the Western Australian Screen Films Scheme—wrapped on 27 May and scheduled for release in September—is a joint production that the producers have decided on a relatively rare mixing technique. The film starts out on 16mm and transferred straight from the neg to three-quarter inch video. This is used as the work print so the neg isn't touched until the final cut. According to producer Damien Faure, "it only is going to be the way everyone does."

On the television front, there has been no sign of a late-night comedy. The *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In* and *Carol Burnett's Army* have been canceled by Barry Lawrence, slated to take over about an 80 June. Based on a National Times article by Lynell Crisp, it tells the story of two women too much to worry about and the producers it places upon them. The company's other venture, The Changelings, wrapped its first end of May and is now in post-production.

Seven Network's series *My Day* will be airing from 7 June to 22 August, and a second series of the ABC's *That First Year*, produced by Noel Price, will be in production and

Tom Mendenhall concludes that

Take also to be broadcast on the ABC commenced in June. The series of 20 episodes brings together a range of independent films from Australia and New Zealand and will be hosted by film critic and writer John Baxter. Baxter's other series of independent films for the ABC, *The Culture Show*,

Shooting on the second series of the family adventure show *Adventures* based will finish at the end of July. Through this time around Independent Productions is producing the 12 7 million series for the Seven Network. It has the same cast with the addition of the new obligatory agent Kerry Markwell (aka, the *Stuntman*).

Melba and Mating and Abel both begins production in early June. The former ruminates looks at the larger group, while Melba aims the latter tells of the exploits of an odd business model.

These Crewlers productions have now completed shooting. Also to Adventure by Another Day and the television *America's Funniest Home*

The *Peterson* boys and Joe Wilson both wrapped at the end of June. Peter's halfhearted bid made him directly liable to the owner when the crew of Joe Wilson, when the departure of Jack Thompson sealed in with new director Geoffrey Baxendale.

Audrey Gaudy's first rehearsal. The film in the South will be in post production until September. After all the boys shoot, the one we are told, brings women to the town.

From left, Bill Hammond (Sound
guitar), Geoffrey Noyes (bass),
and Markie Foyles on Joe Wilson
on the set of Joe Wilson.

A round-up of what is shooting, shot or about to film across Australia





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Length—100 minutes
Director—Paul Verhoeven
Screenplay—The film is based on the novel by Michael Chabon, which is the basis for the screenplay by Michael Chabon and the director.

CASTING STAFF

Cost casting—Tommy Lee
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Director—The film is based on the novel by Michael Chabon, which is the basis for the screenplay by Michael Chabon and the director.

CAST IN TROUBLE

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CASTING

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Director—The film is based on the novel by Michael Chabon, which is the basis for the screenplay by Michael Chabon and the director.

THE CAST

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Director—The film is based on the novel by Michael Chabon, which is the basis for the screenplay by Michael Chabon and the director.

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Cost casting—Tommy Lee

Director—The film is based on the novel by Michael Chabon, which is the basis for the screenplay by Michael Chabon and the director.

WE ARE THE LANDSCAPE

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Cost casting—Tommy Lee

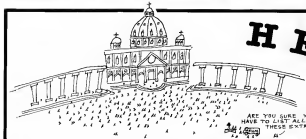
SOLE PLANTING

Cost casting—Tommy Lee
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Cost casting—Tommy Lee

Director—The film is based on the novel by Michael Chabon, which is the basis for the screenplay by Michael Chabon and the director.


WHAT IS A JEW TO YOU?

Cost casting—Tommy Lee
Cost casting—Tommy Lee
Cost casting—Tommy Lee
Cost casting—Tommy Lee
Cost casting—Tommy Lee
Cost casting—Tommy Lee
Cost casting—Tommy Lee
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Cost casting—Tommy Lee



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Reviews	John W. Smith
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Synopsis: The Challenge is the dramatic story of the 1985 race that was fought for the greatest Cup. The author has taken inside the final contest for one year as the greatest talent and philosophy of these athletes, who made an impossible dream become reality.

TABLE 1. *Continued*

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Company	_____	Business Type	_____
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Quantity	_____	Order Date	_____
Case, Order Reference	_____	Order Status	_____

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Production Manager	Angela Hall
Production Assistant	Stephanie J. Brown
Business Manager	James Miller
Business Assistant	Angela Hall

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Figure 1

[illegible]

Chief Executive Officer	Terry Lammert
President	William J. McGee
First Vice President	Colin Appleton
Chief Financial Officer	Paul Fawcett
Chief Operating Officer	— Richard L. Johnson
Chief Marketing Officer	Forrestary MacIntyre
Chief of Staff	Mark the 1st
Chief of Security	Henry De la Cruz
Chief of Operations	William J. McGee
Chief of Administration	David R. Brown

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Area	Company	Available Specialty
Plumbing	Albion Plumbing	Plumbing
Electric	Albion Electric	Electric
Roofing	Albion Roofing	Roofing
Foundation	Albion Foundation	Foundation
Drainage	Albion Drainage	Drainage
Septic	Albion Septic	Septic
Water	Albion Water	Water
Gas	Albion Gas	Gas
HVAC	Albion HVAC	HVAC
Painting	Albion Painting	Painting
Landscaping	Albion Landscaping	Landscaping
Concrete	Albion Concrete	Concrete

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Mr. Smith	Marketing	John
Mr. Jones	Finance	John
Mr. Brown	Human Resources	John
Mr. White	Operations	John
Mr. Black	Information Technology	John
Mr. Green	Legal	John
Mr. Grey	Public Relations	John
Mr. Gold	Product Development	John
Mr. Silver	Customer Service	John
Mr. Wilson	Supply Chain Management	John
Mr. Moore	Business Development	John
Mr. Taylor	Project Management	John
Mr. Hall	Quality Assurance	John
Mr. King	Research and Development	John
Mr. Scott	Compliance	John
Mr. Adams	Business Intelligence	John
Mr. Baker	Business Analytics	John
Mr. Nelson	Business Process Improvement	John
Mr. Carter	Business Case Analysis	John

[illegible]

Abstract

Food: everything	Black/Black: Everything
Highlander	Mountain Goat
Ironhorse	Fast Heavy: Stevedore
Man's best friend	Golden Retriever
Model car, giant, with 100 ft	Tramadol
Plumbing: taking	Radio: Lady
Survivalist: 10	Exotic pet
Yacht	The weather
Food: designer	Master of the
Food: 100,000	Mountain Horse
Food: designer	Superhero: Justice
Food: designer	Food: designer
Food: designer: 100,000	Food: designer

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 4. *Agave sisalana* (Sisal)
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 6. *Agave vivipara* (Century plant)
 7. *Agave attenuata* (Century plant)
 8. *Agave bromelioides* (Century plant)
 9. *Agave bolanderi* (Century plant)
 10. *Agave bolanderi* (Century plant)

[illegible]

Self-employment	James (1988)
Stock market	Jonathan Gershoff
Survival analysis	Lee S. Jones
	Jeffrey S. Guttman
Editor	Robert H. Kohn
Executive vice president	Francis J. Kane
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Managerial	Raymond L. Loeferer
Marketing	John P. Loeferer
Law and ethics	John
Law and ethics	John

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Figure 1

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A collage of several covers of the 'CINEMA Paparazzi' magazine. The covers are overlapping and tilted at various angles. The central cover features a man in a white shirt. Other covers show groups of people, a car, and various celebrities. The text 'CINEMA Paparazzi' is prominent on each cover.

Number 87 (July 1988) Postscript

Word and images by Brian McFadden, 172-85 (Illustrations 173-175 surface)

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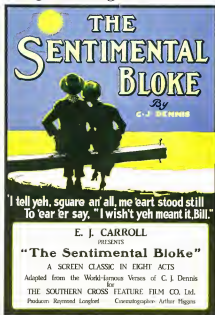
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